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By the Sea.

The waves come crowding up on the shore
Like nymphs in silv'ry green;
Forward in line, they trip to the time
Of orchestras unseen.

They sport, and leap, by the rocky point,
Sparkling in gems and gold;
Murmuring ever a liquid strain,
Like siren-songs of old.

With snowy plumes which wreathe and curl
And toss in wanton glee,
Their riotous dance brings to the heart
The gladness of the sea!

Oh, the sea seems in a happy mood,
Happy! and so am I;
With heart as light as the foamy crest
Of waves that jostle by!

—*Portland Transcript*

The Undertone.

I lay upon the water's edge,
The lapping waves crept to and fro
With murmuring soft 'gainst rocky ledge,
With moaning where the rushes grow;
And e'er beneath the tide and moan
Sounded an undertone.

'Neath the tangled branches of a wood
I stood, and heard the giant limbs,
With thousand tongues of leaves, enflood
The place with solemn, dirge-like hymns,
And there through sound familiar grown
Sounded an undertone.

I watched a bird upon the wing;
His song of gladness, like a thread,
Wove in and out the air of spring
A web of sweet song 'broidered;
And blent with carol high and lone
Sounded the undertone.

A wandering band of minstrels strolled,
With thrilling harp and wild, sad song;
I listened as the notes out-rolled
And beat against a careless throng;
And there heard I—was't I alone?
The sounding undertone.

And e'er, beneath the child's sharp cry,
The maiden's laughter pure and sweet,
Man's oath, man's prayer, comes drifting by,
Life's undertone the soul doth greet.
Is't echo lost to common ears
That idling poet vaguely hears?

—*Marie Le Baron.*

The Romance of a Hammer.

Yes, I am, I believe, quite a disinterested person, and fairly well-known for both my courage and modesty. I was boarding in a retired neighborhood in New York, and next door to me lived, in a private house, an old lady, with her granddaughter. Need I say that that young person was unusually attractive? I regret to state, however, that any advances on my part in that direction were met at first with much indifference. Of course, an acquaintance with the old lady had to be made, and a very queer old lady was she. With a great many eccentricities, she had one in particular which overshadowed the rest. Once her house had been robbed, forty years before, and she had never forgotten it. Though she was deaf as a post, she assured me that the least noise disturbed her of nights, as the dread of robbers was always on her mind. Whether the young lady shared her grandmother's fears or not, I did not know. I rather hoped she did.

If, as I thought to myself, I could only take advantage of this old woman's fancies, that might give me an introduction to the house. The old lady was garrulous, and I very soon scraped up an acquaintance with her. I had not been talking with her more than five minutes, shouting my words into her ears, before I broached the subject of robberies. From my pocket I drew a newspaper and read therefrom in loud tones a long account of a housebreaking adventure. I must confess that in order to add some point to the story I introduced some quite new facts into the description. For instance the street in which the robbery took place was in an entirely different part of the town from ours, and for it I substituted our own immediate neighborhood. In the original version, however, it was an old woman who had actually been at the mercy of the bandits. I howled it all out, and had the satisfaction of seeing that it had an instantaneous effect on the old lady.

"Deary me!" said the old lady. "Terrible! and we are so entirely unprotected—two lone women!"

"Awful!" I replied; "and when robbers get in a neighborhood they never let up until they clean out everything. I don't like to tell you, but I have seen some very strange and mysterious-looking fellows—tramps apparently—lounging around here lately."

"Bless us! and I am so deaf, and so nervous. I am sure I shan't be able to sleep for weeks. What can I do?"

"I have an idea," said I. "In what story of your house do you sleep?"

"Second story." Then the old lady described the position of her bedchamber—second story back. Her granddaughter slept in the same room.

I had known that before from a careful reconnoissance I had made. My own modest chamber in the boarding-house was on the same floor, and our rooms were contiguous, only separated by the thin party wall.

"Now, my dear madame," said I, "I am going to propose a plan of action for you, quite simple of its kind, which ought to relieve you of all anxieties. I might recommend a burglar-proof apparatus with telegraph attachments, but those are very expensive things to set up. I can manage it all with a hammer."

"A hammer!" exclaimed the old lady, opening wide her mouth and eyes.

"Yes; a simple hammer."

"But I should be so terrified that if a robber were to break in I never could use it. I couldn't knock him down with it." The old lady was terribly flustered.

"I didn't mean a hammer to be used as a weapon. Oh, dear, no; quite different from that. Your room in your house and mine in my house are adjacent, and the head of your bed is just near mine. Now, I will buy you a small hammer, and all you have to do is to take it to bed with you. At the least noise take your hammer and give it three raps on the wall. I will at once understand that by that is meant a precautionary signal. It's quite as good as any telegraphic apparatus. I hear the three raps good. I wake up at once, and, springing out of bed put on my clothes. I am prepared for action, as it were. Then, should your fears continue, you keep on rapping. I understand at once that the danger is imminent. Then I seize my revolver, cock it, runs downstairs, bound over the fence, and my presence at once disconcerts the robbers. They endeavor to escape; I shoot two or three of them, and you and your charming granddaughter are saved."

"It s very dreadful, but quite kind and thoughtful of you, and so ingenious. I do believe that if I knew that some one was watching for my safety half my fears would be dissipated." The old woman really looked quite grateful. "So you think you could hear me?" she asked

"Of course I could. I sleep on one ear," I replied. "It is true the idea is perfectly my own, but as introduced by me it is quite practicable, for it has been put on trial; in fact, by means of the hammer system we might dispense with the police entirely. Once, when I lived in quite a deserted neighborhood—a long row of houses in a suburban portion of the city—I organized a hammer alarm. I had to do it for self-protection. There had been robbery after robbery in the row, and the police were afraid to interfere. Everybody in that row went regularly to bed with a hammer. It was very hard on the thieves, for, as bad luck would have it for those rascals, they tried to break into one house just at the end of the row. In six seconds every inmate in the row had been informed that a burglarious attempt was being made. You might have heard the three taps working along from house to house in the stillness of the night. Everybody turned out under my lead. We made a cordon, swept the street, and captured six or seven of the robbers. I don't remember the number of them exactly, only that they were the most bloodthirsty rascals known in the annals of crime."

The old lady, whose hair fairly stood up by this time—or would have stood up if she had had any—was profuse in her thanks. Just what I wanted took place. I was invited next evening to take tea, and the old lady in person showed me her garden, so that I might understand the lay of the land.

Now, I had reconnoitered the premises before, not that I thought anything ever would happen, but really out of consideration for the young woman. The fence was not a very high one, though adorned with spikes. To facilitate my climbing, I rolled a big barrel near it. I could step on that and then with a slight effort could scale the fence. I showed my plans of succor and the old lady approved of them. I bought a tack-hammer, presented it to her, and explained to her, in detail, the method of signaling.

The tea was a very pleasant one, and the young lady agreeable. I went to bed that night quite happy and quite forgot all about the signals. In fact, a week or so elapsed and nothing occurred to break the quiet of that really peaceful neighborhood.

I am sound sleeper generally, but on a certain night not long afterward there was such a terrible storm of wind and rain, with rattling of windows, that my usual rest would not come. At last I went off into a half dreamy dose, when suddenly close to my ear I was awakened with a start—I heard the three ominous taps on the wall! I never listened to anything so dreadful in my life. Was I awake! I waited a while. It was the precautionary signal, but not the positive alarm. Rat-tat-tat—went the devil's tatoo on the wall, then I knew that danger was imminent. I looked out of the window, and it was raining cats and dogs I shuddered! Still the cursed rapping of the hammer reverberated through the room. I huddled on my clothes. I never had a revolver in my life, and, had I owned one, would not have known how to shoot it off. I wished I had not lied so, but I always was romantic. The rapping continued like mad. Suppose these were real, true for true robbers next door! What could a single, poor, inoffensive, unarmed young man like me do against a whole gang of bloodthirsty housebreakers? I know that they would murder me for interfering with their legitimate business. I thonght once I would open the window and yell: "Murder! theives!" but my window looked on the yard, and the wind was howling so that had there been a whole squad of police below not one of them would have heard me. It was dreadful to be waked up that way, to walk to sudden death, and so unprepared as I knew I was. I cursed my officiousness! I was dressed somehow at last and went slowly, shivering down the stairs, making all the noise I could, but it was just one of those selfish boarding-houses where the inmates never take notice of anything. I opened the back door which led to the garden.

I was wet to the skin before I found the barrel and what was mysterous about it was that the barrel had been moved away from the fence. In a minute it flashed across my mind that did I once venture in the adjacent garden my retreat would be cut off, and that as the victim of some villainous trap, next morning I would be found dead—dead—my skull beaten in with a jimmy.

At last, however, at the expense of several severe excoriations, I was over the fence. I gazed at the back of the house. All was still—still as death—there was a lull in the storm. I waited to hear the agonized scream of the victims, but there was nothing save an appalling stillness. Then something rustled, and I covered my face with my hands. I was awaiting some crashing blow on my head, when a stray cat bounded past me. No lights were visible. I waited ten minutes, exposed to the drenching of the pitiless storm, for it rained now harder than ever; then, feeling that if the worst had come it was all over now, and I could do nothing, I retreated, quietly, deliberately reclimbed the fence, and at last regained my bed. I was miserable, chilled to the marrow, and so nervous and excited that I never went to sleep any more during the whole of that wretched night.

Next morning, having recovered somewhat from the effects of that night of terror, I awaited with much anxiety the appearance of that old lady at her door, for she always took in the milk herself. Should she not respond to the milkman's call then the mystery would be solved. But she did turn up. I at once went to the door, and I expected that she would have a story of some dreadful character to impart to me, and I was ready to tell her how I had saved her and her granddaughter from death, when, much to my disgust, after having exchanged an ordinary good-morning with me, she was about re-entering with her milk. "You had a most narrow escape last night," I said.

"Oh, yes," she replied, smilingly; "it's half water, and mighty blue and thin. Evidently she referred to the milk."

"If it had not been for me," I said, "you would have all been murdered in your beds. I was up and out. In three seconds after the first stroke of the hammer I was in your garden. I hope your charming granddaughter has suffered no inconvenience. I am quite positive that they—the robbers—were around last night, and my timely presence scattered them."

"God bless my soul," said the old lady, as she dropped the milk, "and I did not know it."

"But you hammered away like a first-class blacksmith."

"Indeed, I did not," said she; "and my milk, that's all gone. I slept uncommon well; better than usual. I always sleep soundly when it rains."

Would it be believed that the old woman denied the hammer incident in toto? Had I been dreaming? Was it force of imagination, the teaming of a delirious brain? A shocking bad cold in my head assured me that it had been a reality.

I was quite out of heart all that next day, and went to bed at night in a most unhappy state of mind. Was my rest to be broken in upon again? I had hardly fallen off into a feverish slumber when I heard the accursed hammer again. I covered my head with the bedclothes. Rat-tat-tat it went. It could not be a hammering of my imagination, for I put my ear to the wall and felt the vibrations through the flimsy partition. Oh, the unutterable selfishness of that old woman! And what if she were robbed of a silver teapot or so or a dozen teaspoons! I was desperate now. I rushed downstairs. Fortunately it was not raining. I found my barrel at once, and that was reassuring. I excoriated myself again. I scaled the wall and landed with a crash on the other side on a pile of flower-pots some one had carelessly placed there. I waited a moment for the noise to subside. I knew that if any robbers were there the row I had made must startle them. I rubbed a very badly skinned ankle and waited and nothing came.

Night after night went on that accursed hammering. Was I to be doomed to the terrible task of discovering thieves in that old lady's garden; and, what was worse, my chivalous conduct, my dallying with death, receive no recognition? Evidently there was some mystery. I was the victim whose sad end was being plotted.

I never went to sleep after that without stuffing cotton in my ears and always in a most wretched frame of mind. I was a martyr of my disinterestedness. I was being robbed of my sweet sleep. Life became a burden to me. The old lady was either laboring under some hallucination or I was crazy. There was only one thing which made me suffer all these torments, and that was the belief that I was a hero in the eyes of the granddaughter. I cannot say that she ever directly expressed herself in that way, but looking at her at times when I met her in the street, as I addressed a few words to her, I thought I recognized an expression on her face which told me of her sympathy.

These nocturnal visits at last preyed on my spirits. I went to bed now with my clothes on. I had bought a second-hand revolver. I had become reckless. I am quite sure that had I met a small boy of about the size of Oliver Twist at night in the old lady's garden I should have shot at him.

The rapping would cease for a night or two and then commence again. I felt that this business must come to a stop. My employers, leading grocers, had noticed my sleepiness during business hours, and had complained about it.

One night this spring wearily I climbed the garden fence, pistol in hand—for it had become a mechanical process now—and I dropped into a washtub of water, placed with devilish ingenuity on a three-legged stool. As I fell over my pistol went off. The neighborhood was aroused at last, but I distinctly heard in the bath-room that overlooked the old lady's garden peals of laughter, and a young woman appeared at the window who was apparently enjoying the scene.

If this brutal conduct on the part of that girl were not sufficient, think of the impertinence of a young man who called next day on me at our place of business. As I have said, I am a clerk in the wholesale grocery line, and druggists' clerks are always stuck-up creatures. That young sprig twirled a stick in one hand and in the other he had a card. I am to suppose his name was written on it. "See here," said he, making his stick whiz through the air within a few inches of my nose. "See here, oleomargarine, codfish, prunes, pickles and glucose, you have been fooling around grandmother's place long enough, and you are a precious ass, and Mary Jane—that's my cousin, a lady I am going to marry—has had quite enough of your nonsense. What a prime proprietary idiot, with a revenue stamp on it, you must be not know that the old lady has got robber on the brain bad when she's awake, but when she's asleep of nights, bless her, she snores away like a humming top. A Chinee cracker under her ear wouldn't as much as faze her. Now, the old woman never had any use for your hammer, but I guess from what Mary Jane has told me she has been pounding around with it quite promiscuously. Now, see here, here is your hammer, and do you take it before I make you swallow it, handle, claw and all, just as if it were a glass of cream soda, and the very next time I hear you have ventured to cross that fence, or to put that big foot of yours in my grandmother's house, I will just thrash you dizzy, and listen to some good advice—change your boarding-house, figs, even if you have to go back on your landlady."

The Oldest Reigning Monarch.

A telegram (happily contradicted) that the emperor of Brazil had abdicated in favor of his daughter Donna Isabella, the Countess d'Eui, brings to mind the fact mentioned in the *Register* some months ago, that he has been on the throne longer than any other living monarch. Fifty-one years ago last April Dom Pedro I., the father of the present emperor, rather than yield what he conscientiously believed to be his constitutional rights, abdicated in the following letter: "Availing myself of the right which the constitution concedes to me, I declare that I have voluntarily abdicated in favor of my beloved and esteemed son, Dom Pedro de Alcantara. (Dated) Boa Vista (Riode Janeiro), April 7, 1831, tenth year of the independence of the empire." The present emperor was governed by regents for nine years, until his majority was declared in 1840. He had thus been governing monarch for forty-one years; but as his reign dates from the 7th of April, 1831, he has in reality been monarch six years longer than the queen of England.—*Panama Herald.*

To Keep Grapes.

A New York paper publishes two recipes for keeping grapes which will perhaps be a practical help to housewives in this vicinity, where grape culture is extensively carried on:

I. Select nine fresh clusters, and cut the end of the stem smooth and dip it in melted sealing-wax; then put in cotton batting; pack them away in wooden boxes; keep them in a dry, cool place. In this way they will keep fresh all winter.

II. Take full bunches, ripe and perfect; seal the end that is cut from the vine so that no air can get in or the juice of the stem run out, and let them stand one day after sealing, so as to be sure they are perfectly sealed (if not, they will shrivel up), then pack in boxes of dry sawdust and keep in cool places. They will keep nicely all winter without losing their flavor. In packing, do not crowd the bunches; sprinkle the sawdust over the bottom of the box, then lay the grapes carefully, a bunch at a time, all over the box, then sawdust and grapes, alternately, until the box is full.

BULL RUN.

How Henry J. Raymond and Dr. Russell of the London "Times" Rode Like Mad for Washington—Rumors of the Occasion.

Probably the best description of the wild stampede which followed the battle of Bull Run ever printed appeared in the Pittsburg *Dispatch* recently. The historian is Kennedy Marshall, of Butler, Pa., a prominent lawyer. Mr. Marshall at the date of the battle was a member of the Pennsylvania legislature, and with hundreds of persons followed the army to see the rebels crushed by McDowell. Mr. Marshall was accompanied by Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York *Times*, and Dr. Russell, the famous war correspondent of the London *Times*.

"Raymond, Russell and I," began Mr. Marshall, "were seated on the roadside, taking lunch, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. While we were talking together we heard locomotives whistling over on the Manasses railroad. The trains stopped in a cut, out of sight. Pretty soon out marched a lot of soldiers in gray, with a stand of brigade colors, and came at a double quick across the field. It was Kirby Smith with the last installment of Johnson's army from Winchester, which had eluded Patterson. The panic which seized our troops when these fresh fighters hurled themselves at the Union lines, already tottering with exhaustion, was wilder than anything in military history since three Austrian soldiers, coming out of the woods to surrender after the battle of Solferino, put the whole French army to rout for a time. Regiments that had stood up to their work bravely since 9 o'clock in the morning, melted away in a few minutes at the sight of the gray charging columns. There was no knowing what force was behind Smith, and Hunter's men did not wait to see. They took the road to Centreville pell-mell, every man for himself. The infantry charged their own batteries, cut the horses loose, jumped on their backs and went to the rear at a gallop. Russell disappeared on the tide at the top of his speed. Raymond drifted away from me, and I did not let many pass me in the race myself. It was the further the faster, and after covering what seemed to me about five miles, I dropped exhausted beside the road to rest.

"By-and-bye Raymond came along. He had found his barouche and he took me in. We whirled along in the crush of ambulances, artillery horses, privates, officers and camp-followers on foot, ladies and politicians in carriages, and 200 or 300 steers, all making the best of their way to Washington. A drove of cattle had been driven out behind the army to be slaughtered after the battle. They were stampeded with the rest and added to the confusion. There were many amusing incidents. Earlier in the day I had noticed L. L. McGuffin, of New Castle, since judge in this judicial disttrict, now dead. He was carrying water to one of the field hospitals. He had been one of the 'On to Richmond' crowd, had come down to stiffen up the President's spine, and was loud in advocating a vigorous prosecution of the war.

"He was a large man, and wore a long linen duster. When the rush in the rear began he ran with the rest. He was fat, and as the crowd gradually swept past him he at last began to think the rebels must be almost within grasp of his flying duster tail. Blind with sweat and dust, he tripped on a log and fell flat on his stomach, or as flat as he could fall on such a round stomach. A zouave, who was hard at his heels, came down with emphasis on top. Mr. McGuffin was certain that the Philistines were upon him, and with a weak endeavor to roll his eyes around that he might see his foeman's face, exclaimed: 'Great heaven, gentlemen, can't this thing be compromised?'

"Before Raymond and I had driven far an ordnance wagon crushed into our barouche and demolished it. I mounted one of the carriage horses. Raymond was in despair.

"'Get on the other horse,' I cried.

"'But I can't stick on.'

"'Then good-evening; I'm going to Washington.'

"'Hold on; I can ride behind the nigger,' exclaimed the distinguished editor, and he was about to climb up behind the colored driver when a carriage drove past with some Congressmen whom he knew and he got in with them.

"I galloped away, but before I had gone far I saw a regiment drawn up in line across the road, with fixed bayonets, stopping the fugitives. I took to the fields, executed a flank movement and got past with a few others. When I came to the little field telegraph office, near Fairfax Court House, I was riding ahead of my party. A wire had been laid out thus far and dispatches from the field were carried here and wired to Washington. The last messages sent had told how our troops were driving the enemy.

"'What news from the field?' cried the little operator, with his finger on the key.

"'Our men are routed. They are running this way,' I shouted back to him as I galloped past. He cut loose his instrument, tucked it under his arm and took to his heels. When the next orderly came with a dispatch he found the battery dismounted, and that was how I came to be the first to carry the news to Washington.

"I overtook Bull Run Russell, and we rode together for a while; but his horse was fagged and mine was fresh, so I soon left him. After that I rode foremost and alone. At Ball's Cross Roads I was challenged by a Dutch sentinel. Ben Morgan had my pass through the lines, but I had an annual over the Pennsylvania railroad, signed by Tom Scott. I showed the sentinel the name of Scott, told him it was General Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief, and he passed me through. I got over the Long bridge at Washington at 9 o'clock, just as the countersign was being given out for the night. I rode up to Willard's hotel through streets thronged with people, wild with excitement over the favorable dispatches that had come in from the front. The brass bands were out in force, and somebody was making a rousing 'On to Richmond' speech from the balcony of the hotel. I walked into the office under the sound of his inspiring words, knowing how soon those cheers would be hushed to whispers of affright. Chadwick was keeping the hotel then, and as I pushed up to the desk he stared at me, barehcaded and streaming with dirt and sweat as I was, and finally recognizing me, asked me where I had been and what was the matter.

"'I come from the front. McDowell is licked out of his boots, and the wreck of our army is not far behind me.'

"Chadwick dived back into his private office with a scared face, and in a few moments came back and took me in with him.

"There sat General Mansfield, who was in command of the troops around Washington, with a bottle of champagne before him.

"'Mr. Chadwick informs me, sir, that you report our army retreating. Are you a military man, sir?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Then, how do you know, sir, that they were not merely making a change of front or executing some other military maneuver, sir?'

"'Well, general,' I replied, as calmly as I could, while the gray-haired old martinet eyed me sternly, 'I saw whole regiments throw down their guns and take to the woods. I saw artillerymen cut their horses loose from the guns and caissons and gallop away. I saw officers, men, Congressmen and Texas steers running neck and neck down the road toward Washington, and steers were the only things that had their tails up. It may have been a change of front, as you say, but—'

"'I don't believe a single word of it,' broke in the general, who had listened to me with evident impatience.

"'Good-evening,' I replied, and walked out of the door. The crowd had got the news by this time from Chadwick, and I was almost pulled to pieces. Somebody noticed that I was wearing a gray suit, and shouted: 'He's a rebel.' There were several suggestions that I be lynched for trying to stimulate a rising of the rebel element in the city. General Mansfield hurried off to the war department, and pretty soon a sergeant and a squad of soldiers came for me and took me to the department. President Lincoln and his entire cabinet were there, with old General Scott, anxiously waiting for news from the front. Simon Cameron had known me as a member of the legislature and vouched for my loyalty. There was very little said while I told my story briefly.

"The President sat with his head bent down upon his hand, and was evidently very much depressed. Simon Cameron, then secretary of war, was the coolest head in the cabinet. He immediately consulted with Scott as to hurrying reinforcements across the Potomac, and orders were issued to stop all fugitives at Long bridge. They asked me very few questions, but after I had told my story and was dismissed, the newspaper correspondents nearly devoured me. Just as I came out of the war department I met one of General McDowell's aids bringing in the report of his commander's defeat."

A Sea Captain's Revenge.

It has often been said that there is no despotism in the world equal to that exercised by the captain of a vessel when at sea. This, of course, does not apply to yachts, for those are not registered vessels, but sail under a license, and the captain of such a craft could be discharged by the owner when in mid-ocean if for any reason the owner found fault with his management. But with merchant vessels when once out of port the authority of the captain is, by the laws of every nation, supreme. It is necessary that this should be so. A ship when at sea represents a number of different interests; those who own the vessel, those who own the cargo, those that insure the hull and its contents, and then last, but not least, are the lives of crew and possibly of passengers. There must be a responsible directing head, armed with the legal power to enforce any order he may think necessary for the protection of these different interests, and this authority could be lodged nowhere but with the captain. His judgment may be at fault, but if at the end of a voyage he can make oath that he considered what he did to be necessary for the protection of the interests intrusted to his keeping, it is almost impossible to punish him for his mistakes. An example of this arbitrary power was given some years ago by the captain of a merchant vessel sailing from one of our Atlantic ports. The ship was bound on a voyage to the west coast of South America, and her owner invited one or two of his friends to go down the bay in her and return on the pilot boat. When outside the weather became somewhat threatening, and the pilot boat was not immediately on hand. The captain had long cherished a grudge against the owner and saw in the situation an opportunity of revenging himself. In spite of commands and then of appeals made for the owner, his friends and the pilot, he put his vessel upon her course and sailed out to sea. His involuntary passengers were, of course, in a wretched state of mind, coming, as they did, wholly unprepared for a voyage around Cape Horn, and well aware that their relatives and friends would have doubts as to their existence. This led the owner to resort to methods which led the captain to construe to be mutinous, and hence he had the former placed in confinement, while the entire party, with the exception of the pilot, were treated very much as if they had been common sailors, so far as their food supply was concerned. When the ship arrived at her port of destination the captain was instantly dismissed; but that was all the punishment that could be visited upon him.

Sunday in Paris.

The church duties of the Parisians on Sunday are regarded as over at noon, and the balance of the day is devoted to recreation and pleasure by even the piously inclined, writes a correspondent. Every Parisian who can afford five francs for a couple of hours' drive on Champs Elysees and the Bois de Bologne is sure to be there with his family, though it often happens that Paris, with its tens of thousands of vehicles, cannot supply the demand, particularly on race Sundays. It is the special day for important races. The theatres all provide extraordinary attractions for Sunday; the Punch and Judy shows and the "merry-go-rounds" on the Champs Elysees are thronged with customers, and everything that is bright on other days and nights has an extra polish given to it on Sunday. The Tuilerie gardens, the gardens of the Palais Royal, and the numerous open squares in the city are extra crowded with mothers and their children, all in Sunday attire. All appear to be joyful and happy, and if a committee from the city council of some other sphere were to take a comprehensive glance over this world of ours on a Sunday afternoon, it would be compelled to report that the people of Paris were the happiest people on the face of the earth. They look happy, seem happy, and undoubtedly are, especially on Sundays, intent on the pursuit of happiness, according to their various tastes and inclinations.

HARVEST HOMES.

A Sudden Revival of an Old English Custom.

Says the Pittsburg (Pa.) *Dispatch:* The old-time harvest home picnic which, like so many other excellent old customs, has dropped out of general observance, is just now receiving a great revival. A couple of years ago it suddenly sprang into usage again among some of the famous farmers of Middle New York, and has rapidly spread beyond the confines of that State, and beyond the limits of the farminfi class alone. In the rich farming country of Eastern Pennsylvania, and in Ohio and Illinois to the west of us there have been notably large gatherings.

The farming folk have not been able, if they so desired, to make these picnics exclusively farmers' affairs. It has become quite the fashion among city and townspeople as well. The festivals being under the management of representative men from the country, have insured a respectability and decorum which does not always attend picnic parties which go from the city to the country. It never degenerates into a carouse, but retains its character as a decent, orderly gathering for a day's enjoyment in the woods. Parents with large families of children, of the inconvenient size that tumble out of boats, gather stray toads to their bosoms, get beetles down their neck and squall have seized upon this new enterprise as an opportunity for taking them for a day of merry-making at a picnic where there is no drinking and no fights. Besides, there is a fragrant suggestion of red apples and broad slices of bread and butter about a real farmers' picnic that is very taking to city-living people. Of course, the farmers and their families constitute the largest part of the attendance, for the obvious reason that they can see more of their neighbors there than at any other place. Many a horse trade is consummated at the harvest home and new varieties of seed wheat exchanged. The wives and daughters go partly for the fun, and largely because it is the latest fashion. The railroad companies have not been slow to promote an enterprise which cultivates sociability, and hence conduces to visiting and consequently traveling. The rates of fare to and from the harvest home are usually lower than on any other occasion.

The custom of celebrating the gathering in of the harvest by a feast or merrymaking is older in England than the introduction of Christianity, and as formerly practiced had many features of the old Druid dispensation. In England generally this festival passes under the name of the "Harvest Home." In the northern counties it was called the "Mell Supper." In Scotland it was hailed under the designation of the "Kirn" or "Kirn Supper." And there were perhaps other local names.

In the old simple days of England, the harvest home was such a scene as Horace's friends might have expected to see at his Sabine farm, or as Theocritus described in his Idyls. In these days the working people of a few contiguous farms only united in the celebration, but subsequently whole counties came together. The grain last cut was brought home in its wagon, called the hock cart, surmounted by a figure formed of a sheaf with gay dressing, presumably representing the goddess Ceres. Sometimes the figure on the cart, instead of being a mere dressed-up bundle of grain, was a pretty girl of the reaping band, crowned with flowers and hailed as "the maiden," or in Scotland "the har'st queen." Of this we have a description in a ballad of Bloomfield's:

"Home came the jovial hockey load,
Last of the whole year's crop,
And Grace among the green boughs rode,
Right plump upon the top.
"This way and that way the wagon reeled
And never queen rode higher;
Her cheeks were colored in the field,
And ours before the fire."

Herrick describes the harvest home of his day, the earlier half of the seventeenth century, and chronicles the cheering virtue of the "all-tempting frumentie," the "smirking wine" and the "stout beere" which flowed freely upon the occasion.

A custom obtained at the close of harvest of "Crying the Mare," as it was called in Hertfordshire, the "Nack," as it was termed in Devonshire, "Goobbir Bhacagh" or "the Crippled Goat," as it was named in the Isle of Skye. The last handful of grain cut by a farmer who got through his harvest first was tied up in a bundle, tricked out with ribbons and sent with some rude preliminary ceremonies to a tardier neighbor who still had some grain still standing. He in turn, when he completed his harvest work, passed it on to the nearest tardy one, and so on until all the grain being cut in a neighborhood it was time for harvest home. The last man holding the handful of grain, which constituted the Mare Nack or Goat, was esteemed a sluggard all the year through. In Scotland this last handful received more honorable treatment. It was cut by the bonniest lass in the district, tied up with ribbons and usually preserved in the farmer's parlor for the remainder of the year.

The modern celebration of the ingathering of the harvest is by no means the rude festival of former days. The progress of the farmer socially is very well illustrated by a comparison of the festivities mentioned above with the amusement resources provided for at a picnic next Tuesday. There is to be a band of music on the grounds, and fat men's races, sack races and a boat race on the Ohio river opposite the ground. Swings, flying horses, croquet, baseball and the like amusements will make glad and tired the young generation. Altogether, the farmer of to-day provides his family with a decidedly greater variety of enjoyments than his remote ancestor in the days when "the Mare" was cried from one end of a county to the other.

Children and Work.

In an English industrial school containing about six hundred children, half girls and half boys, it became convenient to give the girls about eighteen hours of book instruction per week and eighteen hours of work, while the boys remained at full school time of thirty-six hours per week. On examination day it was found that the girls were more alert mentally and practically in advance of the boys. When work was found for the boys and their school-hours reduced from thirty-six to eighteen, they did as well as the girls. While too much work and too little play makes Jack a dull boy, it seems pretty evident that a portion of children's time can be employed in industrial work to their advantage. Perhaps it would be well to divide their waking hours, one-third to work, one-third to study and one-third to play.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The telephone is gradually developing into rivalship with the telegraph—at least for limited distances. It has been used to advantage between Brussels and Dover—a whole distance of 240 miles, sixty of which were under water. If submarine difficulties have been sufficiently overcome, the time may not be far distant when New York and London will be talking to one another.

An elderly gentleman of Benton, Montana, the father of Katie McGrorty, learned that his daughter intended to elope with John Cleary. Early that evening he took his blankets and spread a comfortable bed under the buggy which he expected the young people to take. He slept soundly the whole night through, and in the morning found the buggy over him safe. But the young people had taken another buggy, and were quietly married in Bodie the next day.

The value of babies has been fixed. A child less than 1 year is worth $14; between 1 and 2 years, $19; 2 to 3 years, $28; 4 years, $31; 5 years, $35; 6 years, $40; 7 years, $50; 8 years, $60; 9 years, $70; 10 years, $90; 11 years, $123. These are the valuations made by a baby insurance company of Cincinnati. The parents pay five cents a week for the insurance of their child. The rates for colored children are twice as much, owing to their two-fold ability for contracting contagious diseases.

A Cleveland man named Jones has a cow addicted to the uncomfortable habit of switching her tail in his face while milking her. The other day Jones took the tail and tied it firmly to his leg. The cow, irritated by the flies she could not drive away, started off and feeling the curious attachment to her tail became frightened and ran. Jones is now walking about on crutches and remarking: "About the tenth time I had been hauled around that lot I began to see where I missed it. I oughter tied her tail to her leg and not to mine."

The possibilities incident to the general use of electricity and its presence in all parts of a large city, are suggested by an incident which happened in New York a short time since when at a certain point in Nassau street, horses, no matter how old and worn out, or lively and spirited, jumped and curvetted and pranced to the great delight of the crowds who witnessed the performance. Much to their disappointment word was sent to the Edison Electric Light company and the current was turned off from that vicinity. A wire pressed upon the steam pipes that had been laid down in the street, these communicated with the surface, and every time the horses' iron shoes closed the circuit the animals received a shock which set them to curvetting and even to running.

A New York reporter has been investigating the footsteps of the many millions who walk the streets of New York. "Investigate" is a good word for it, too, because in the original Latin it means to look after the tracks or footprints of anybody or anything. Nearly all the steps of public buildings are worn hollow, and the wear upon the elevated railroad stations is so great that a combination of iron and india rubber, to prevent wear and slipperiness, has been devised. The curbstones where people wait for vehicles are hollowed out. A deep furrow is worn upon the steps of buildings, like those in front of A. T. Stewart's, running the whole length of the building, where people have left the sidewalk and walked along on the step. The renewal of stone steps, curbs and stairways in a large city is not infrequent.

A remarkable Italian peasant custom has just been brought to notice at Naples. A year ago the daughter of Carolina Garguillo was married to a sailor named Giuseppe Esposito. It is the usage among the lower classes for the bridegroom to visit his mother-in-law on the morning following the marriage. Esposito was reminded of this custom but neglected to make the visit. The mother-in-law then became angry and urged her son, Vincenzo Garguillo, to kill Esposito. The son at once went to his sister's house and waited for the husband, who on coming welcomed him and begged him to stay and dine. Vincenzo thereupon drawing a knife, threw himself on his brother-in-law, stabbed him and laid him dead at his feet. Vincenzo has been sentenced to imprisonment for life and his mother to "seclusion" for three years.

Under the constitution of Switzerland any federal law, before it can take effect, must, if demanded by 30,000 citizens, be submitted to a vote of the people and be approved by them. At the recent session of the federal chambers two laws were passed, which upon demand were submitted to a vote of the people and were both rejected. One of these was a national law for the regulation of epidemics. It made vaccination compulsory throughout the republic and it gave the federal authorities power to take persons affected with epidemic diseases away from their families and isolate them under government care. This law was rejected by the overwhelming vote of 220,000 to 60,000. Its rejection, however, leaves to each canton its present power to enforce vaccination when it thinks it necessary. The other law was one authorizing the federal government to establish a system of patent and copyright laws, none of which laws, it seems, exist in Switzerland. A Swiss inventor can obtain no patent in his own country. This law was also rejected by a vote of 126,500 for to 138,500 against it.

The Cradle of the Bootblack.

New York lays claim to be the place where the street bootblack first appeared, but Boston says the professional bootblack is essentially an institution of the "Hub." The *Traveller* of the latter city says at first the business was associated with window-washing, chimney-sweeping, clothes cleaning and waiting and tending. In time, however, it became a distinct branch, and many of the bootblacks of that day acquired a handsome independence and became real estate holders. The custom then was to call at the homes of the gentry, take the boots and shoes, string them on long poles and carry them to their respective places of business, polish and return them at an early hour the next day. These poles would hold a dozen or more pairs, and it was a novel sight to see the bootblacks passing to and fro.

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and it is remedied by exercise and motion.

FOR THE LADIES.

Wouldn't Change Her Name.

Miss Risley Seward, a daughter of ex-Solicitor of the Treasury Risley, became a great favorite with Wm. H. Seward while he was secretary of state, and subsequently accompanied him during his tour round the world. Mr. Seward, in his will, bequeathed her $50,000 on condition that she should adopt his name. She accepted the money, adopted his name, and now refuses to marry because she will not consent to change her name. At present she is in Italy, studying the old monasteries of that country.

A Royal Wedding in Nevada.

His majesty, Winnemucca MDLV., king of all the Piutes, was recently married to a princess of his tribe. Buenna Vista John, a trusted member of Winnemucca's cabinet, says the royal consort is past the middle age and weighs all the same as four sacks of flour. Winnemucca, who traces his lineage, according to Piute tradition, from the time when the Humboldt valley was a lake, is said to be the fifteen hundredth and fifty-fifth monarch of his line. He has children past the prime of life, and the old fellow takes a new wife to provide for his necessities in his old age. The Piute marriage ceremony is a very simple affair. The chosen bride retires to her wickiup at an appointed time and huddles in a corner. If she does not like the bridegroom she gets up and runs away when he enters the wickiup, but if he is the man of her choice remains and becomes his slave for life. The old king will now have an easier time than has been his lot for years past, as the queen will have to "rustle for grub" for the aged monarch.—*Winnemucca Silver State.*

Fashion Notes.

Ficelle shades and hues are fashionable.

Copper red is pronounced an elegant red shade.

Velvet and velveteen will be much worn.

The close English turban hat remains in style during autumn.

New colors show many faded tapestry shades, and these shades are labeled old.

The new osier bonnet is trimmed with peaches, bunches of grapes and other fruit.

Small birds are imported in great quantities for trimming bonnets and round hats.

Printed figures on plain batiste are used for morning fichus and squares for the neck.

The seams of basques will be defined by braid, similar to the old style of cording.

A simple standing clerical collar, in linen, is the neatest neckwear for the warm weather.

There are indications that skirts plaited from belt to toe will again be much worn this autumn.

Parasols for country use are of plain or figured cottonettes, trimmed with ruffles of the same or of ecru lace.

Fashion authorities say that the close turban should be worn quite back on the head instead of low on the forehead.

The newest trimming ribbons are the ottoman reps of thick, yet soft quality, in widths varying from two inches to five or six.

The osier bonnet is the caprice of the moment at the watering-places. It resembles a brown wicker fruit basket placed almost inverted on the head.

The

The Centre Reporter.

FRED KURTZ ..... EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Sept, 14, 1882

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ROBERT E. PATTISON, of Philad.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
CHAUNCY F. BLACK, of York.
FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
SILAS M. CLARK, of Indiana county.
FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon
FOR CONGRESSMAN AT LARGE,
MORTIMER F ELLIOT, of Tioga.

Democratic County Ticket.

REPRESENTATIVES,
HENRY MEYER,
BENJAMIN F HUNTER.
JURY COMMISSIONER,
J. H. TOLBERT.
CORONER
DR. H. K. HOY.

IMPORTANT TO VOTERS.

Last day for being assessed and registered—Thursday, Sep. 7th.

Last day for paying taxes—Saturday, October 7th.

Last day for being naturalized—Saturday, October 7th.

Voters should attend to these important matters or it may cause great trouble.

In another column we print an article on political assessments, from that old and well-known republican organ, *The Independent* for which we ask the thoughtful perusal of all.

When a party gets down to robbing alms-houses and bribing juries to clear thieves, it is time that honest men become alarmed.

It is said chairman Cooper claims 2 per cent on Phipps alms house stealings—it will make a nice addition to the corruption fund of the bosses. Why not just as fair to assess stealings as the salaries?

A meeting of colored republican independents, held in Philadelphia a few nights ago, was broken up by a mob of stalwarts who are in favor of the fullest liberty for the negro to shriek for—Beaver. The rowdies who broke up the meeting belong to the Beaver committee and to the mint and custom house employes. The president of the meeting was Mr. Purvis, president of the Penn'a anti-slavery society since 1835.

The wrong these independent colored people were guilty of consisted in their cutting loose from the control of the bosses, who are only for the negro so long as they can vote and use him to keep in power the corrupt machine. Let the negro only declare himself ready no longer to be the slave of stalwart bosses, and the lash is applied more lustily than when under the southern slave owner.

Here we have another proof that all the republican love for the negro was a sham.

The World remarks, the offense of the colored men—it must be admitted, was rank. They not only declared their sympathy with Stewart and their dislike of Cameron's pet, Beaver, but they welcome the appearance of a member of the Committee of One Hundred that is making such a laudable effort to overthrow the Philadelphian Tammany; they "urged on the colored men the necessity of emancipating themselves from domination of the bosses who seek to buy them with money and debauch them with rum," and they accused the Republican party of treachery to their freedom, and insisted that "so long as a man was a Republican because he was black his color would be a badge of serfdom." It is no wonder, therefore, that the agents of Cameron and Beaver fell upon the the colored Republicans of Philadelphia to vex and bulldoze them. It must have seemed to Mr. Purves very much like the good old times of '38, and it will not greatly surprise any one if the prospects of Beaver and the local ring go on getting worse and worse, to see Liberty Hall burned as Pennsylvania Hall was then, and "niggers" hunted once more through the streets of Quaker City.

Another radical villainy in this state to help the spotless Beaver is the attempt, exposed by the Phila. *Times*, to transfer the land league vote to Beaver, by a regular bargain and sale, as though the members of the league were so many smoked herring or boxes of cheese to be disposed of the bartering corner grocer. The Times has the proof conclusive in the letters that fix the villainy upon the villains, a fair synopsis of which is printed in another column of the *Reporter*. If Gen. Beaver is the christian he professes to be, it is time he show his sincerity by repudiating the rascals that would thus corruptly and dishonestly bring about his election. Gen. Beaver what say you about this new villainy exposed by Col. M'Clure? Can you remain silent in the face of the Times exposure, and thus show that you are indifferent as to what means are used to make votes for you, fair and foul? Now let's hear from Gen. Beaver.

The leading Free Thinkers at Watkin's Glen were Stalwart Republicans and old Abolitionists of the Phillips school. Robert G. Ingersoll, O. H. P. Kinney, D. C. Bennet, Mrs. Stanton and several others of note have denounced the Democrats from their earliest years. If Ingersoll alone of the number was a Democrat, every Republican paper in the country would have called it a Democratic conclave of infidels, communists and secessionists.

Bah! Several attempts were made to bribe the jury in the star-route prosecution. This alone is evidence sufficient that these stalwart lights are guilty of the great crime for which they were tried. In another column will be found the particulars.

These are the fellows who would choke honest independents, rob democrats of all rights as they rob the treasury and mock justice and defy the courts, and assess the scrub-women and other employes of the government in order to keep their corrupt gang in power. This is the element that wants to elect Beaver in preference to Pattison, the true and tried reformer.

Phipps did'nt steal by fits by any means. He went for the alm-house goods by the cart load, and is one of those who cheerfully paid his assessments to the campaign fund of the bosses, principally to help in the election of Beaver. Phipps was true to his political training.

One of the officials of the plundered Philadelphia almshouse, has made a statement that Phipps was constantly assessed heavily by the politicians to help along the stalwart machine, and to make up for it he was led to stealing, and he went about the latter wholesale. Thus it must be with hundreds of other assessed office holders, they steal to make up their assessments and a thousand fold more, such ugly facts should compel a christian statesmanlike Beaver to resign his candidacy at once, and join the democrats or honest independents, he certainly can not relish to have his campaign run upon such funds.

Will Beaver decline?

ULCER MARKS.

The party of the bosses is making a desperate struggle to keep in power. If it were not hideous with political ulcers, this would not be necessary. Here are some of the marks that disfigure the "grand old party" which sees salvation only in assessments:

1. The credit mobilier swindle.
2. The Freedmen's bank fraud.
3. The Emma mine swindle.
4. The carpet-bag robberies.
5. The Indian ring frauds.
6. The black Friday swindle of Grant & Co.
7. The stolen presidency.
8. The Belknappery and Babcockery.
9. The pardon of the convicted revenue thieves.
10. The star-route robberies.
11. The river and harbor steal of over ten millions.
12. The assessment of scrub-women, girls and boys in government employ for a corruption fund.
13. Creating 1600 new positions for political favorites.

These thirteen crimes of the republican party go to the credit of the party in common. Then in our own state we find:

1. The $150,000 extra pay legislature.
2. The $350,000 Evans embezzlement—"addition, division and silence."
3. The Record job, a fat office of $30,000 a year for boss Quay.
4. Defeat of a free pipe bill.
5. Disregard of the provisions of the reform constitution.
6. Enormous increase of the expenditures of the state government over democratic expenditures.
7. Pardon of the riot bribers.
8. Almshouse robbery by Phipps & Co.

If any voter can swallow the republican party with all these ugly ulcers, he must have a digestive aparatus like an ostrich. We could add another hundred republican ulcers in the REPORTER, but the above should be enough to disgust any honest man.

The liquor question is making trouble in Ind. Mt. Vernon, Indiana, has been threatened by a mob in consequence of an effect to close the saloons on Sunday and eleven o'clock every night. About one o'clock on Sunday morning the residence of John Paul, the city marshal, was fired by a mob and burned to the ground. The deputy city marshal was terribly beaten by a gang of roughs. The telegraph and telephone were guarded by the mob to prevent communication with the neighboring towns.

Phipps, after all, was a fool for running away. He should have stood a trial, and then demanded his pardon, *a la* the riot bribers, revenue thieves and others convicted scoundrels no better than he.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Herald* has had shown him by "an ex-confederate Virginia readjuster" the assessment papers served on him up to date. The unfortunate employe's salary is $150 per month. First, his exchequer was reduced $30 by Jay Hubbell's little two per cent. Then came Mahone's No. 1, for three per cent., $45. Next his congressional district committee modestly requested the trifling sum of $22.50, or one and a half per cent., and this was shortly followed by an intimation form the county committee to the effect that a voluntary contribution of $10—more would be acceptable. The last was Mahone's No. 2, for $100, to be paid on or before October 15. The total is about 14 per cent. of the clerk's yearly salary—$207.50 in all.

Phipps, the missing superintendent of the Philadelphia almshouse, was a master hand at voting paupers. It has long been his custom to place some 200 paupers on the pay roll of the institution, giving them nominal salaries of a few cents per week and nominal positions, solely to transfer paupers into voters and then to vote them in obedience to machine orders. It was an atrocious fraud, a deliberate perversion of the law, and the basest employment of helpless paupers to debauch the ballot.

The flight of Phipps, the Almshouse defaulter, is causing great excitement, and the facts developed show that Robert E. Pattison is the man that unearthed the corruptions and compelled the guilty actor to seek safety in flight. Although Mr. Pattison was only acting as a worthy official should act, the relations he holds to the people warrants the publicity of such action convincing the people that he is all his friends claim, a competent, deserving and valuable public officer.

Mlle. Berthe Marie de Rothschild daughter of the head of the Frankfort branch of that family, will soon be married to Prince Alexandre de Wagram. As a necessary preliminary to the ceremony Mlle. Berthe received Christian baptism. Prior to the ceremony she formally signed and abjuration of the Jewish faith. Archbishop Guibert administered first communication to Mlle. Berthe. No members of the family were present.

Mental depression, weakness of the muscular system, general ill-health, benefitted by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

Subscribers to the REPORTER who pay their subscription in advance, will receive an extra credit of two months as a premium.

Phipps paid his 2 per cent before his departure, but chairman Cooper cant just now reach him for additional assessment. Phipps should send his present address to Beaver, confidentially!

The *World*: Chairman Cooper, the stoker of the Cameron machine, is a fervent believer in the equality of the sexes, as he addresses women clerks as "Dear Sir" and assesses them 2 per cent. of their salaries just as if they were men. This new assessment, coupled with Mahone's levy of 5 per cent. in Virginia, proves the wisdom of our advice to the clerks not to pay a cent to Hubbell, but to keep the money for the later calls which will be too "voluntary" to be dodged. But we are unable to understand how the Pennsylvania Republican Committee can undertake to levy such assessments, seeing that on the 10th of May last the Republican State Convention unequivocally condemned "compulsory assessments for political purposes, and proscription for failure to respond either to assessments or to requests for voluntary contributions." It would be a good idea for the first Pennsylvania clerk whom Mr. Cooper approaches to hand the Chairman of the committee over to the police for attempting to obtain money under false pretenses. Mr. Cooper is not authorized by the Republicans of Pennsylvania to make any such assessments.

Phipps the thieving alms-house superintendent jumped his bail, and Beaver will be one vote less for it.

At Brownsville, Texas, there were 57 new cases of yellow fever and 3 deaths; at Matamoras 2 deaths; at Pensacola 16 new cases and 3 deaths.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION A FRAUD.

Cincinnati, Sept. 5.—The Tariff Commission, at first a tame farce, has now become a bold fraud. The work done here is a fair specimen of the work that has been done since the commission left Long Branch. It came here Saturday night. Yesterday morning a short session was held and more potters and iron-roof manufacturers were heard. They all asked for high duty. Their requests took up about two hours and the rest of the day the Commissioners and clerks spent as pleasantly as they could. Some went to the theatres and others called on the editors of the Cincinnati newspapers. The newspapers from Boston to Detroit have laughed at the commission, ignored it or exposed it, and here the happy thought occurred to one of the Commissioners that the importance and pomp of the work ought to be explained to the editors, but the Cincinnati editors do not seem to have appreciated the explanation. The information that has ben obtained to-day is not worth telegraphing. Members of the Cincinnati Association of Grocers asked for a continuation of the wise and liberal policy of protection of sugar, molasses and rice, and the foolish owners of a line of steamships between Cincinnati and New Orleans emphasized the request. No Commissioner took the trouble, if any one understood such a thing, to point out the great increase of traffic that free trade would give these boatmen. The owners of rolling mills, a manufacturer of hemp and a druggist asked for heavy duties and praised the wise policy of protection. Mr. Samuel Rockwell Reed was the only gentleman who made a suggestion worth hearing. He read a carefully prepared paper in which he pointed out the fact that protection does not protect the workingman. It was heard by the Commissioners while sitting impatiently with umbrellas and canes in their hands in haste to leave at 2 30 for Louisville.

The expenses of the commission these two days have been $500 or $600. The money would have been well spent if any work would have been done that promises relief, but nothing has been done. Five of the seven clerks have not been seen at work at all, but they have been seen idle more than half of the time. What excuse will be offered for such a retinue when the total expenses of the journey is made known it is hard to forecast. One of these idle clerks is a son of Commissioner Underwood. The Commissioners themselves are languid during the session. Some write letters; the artistic members draw caricatures and others look weary and sometimes disgusted, but there is no variation of the monotonous farce. The empty formula of receiving and hearing and dismissing a witness suffers no change. Today, for instance, the President announced with pomp that "if there were any other persons in the room who wished to make statements before the commission the opportunity would now be given," and there was no one in the room besides the Commissioners and the clerks except your correspondent. Then it was solemnly moved and seconded and carried that the commission take a recess until another witness should come. If there was one man of bold action on the commission who would make a single beggar ashamed of himself, or would really investigate a single subject, or would candidly and manfully acknowledge that it is a fraud and resign, he might save himself from the personal scorn that the people have already given the commission collectively, and are sure to give the Commissioners personally when their expenses and their meagre and one sided evidences are officially made known. Nothing is done to justify this waste of money and this waste of time. This work, which ought to be for the relief of the people, is but a robbery of the people.

As was expected, the ringleaders in the star-route robberies Dorsey and Brady, escape, while two of the littler thieves are pronounced guilty. What a farce! what a mockery of justice, and an insult to a robbed and plundered people. But this is the rule under radical controld steal as much as you please, justice will be manacled if you are indicted.

A secret conclave of republican leaders, mostly stalwarts, was held a few nights ago to bring harmony out of their chaos; suggestions were made looking to the withdrawal of both tickets and nominating another upon which all might unite. Nothing, however, came out of the conference—besides Beaver does not feel inclined to withdraw.

We see it stated that Jay Gould now controls $120,000,000 of corporation capital, 42,000 employes, and more than half of the public officials in Missouri. The State is practically under his domination, his grip on a half a dozen Western States is scarcely less secure, and he is now striving to rule New York. Are the people of the Empire State ready to submit to a King Shark of Wall street? ask the editor of the Albany *Journal*, that just now feels very sore against that ambitious railroad magnate. The motive of the *Journal* may not be pure, but the facts are facts, nevertheless.

REPUBLICAN BLACKMAIL.

[From the Independent, Rep.]

We do not like to put the two words together. The Republican party has been the party of moral ideas. It has set itself against black slavery and might be expected to set itself against the robbery of white men and women. It has done so, in words; but in deeds it is guilty, in the persons of its National Committee, of outrageous robbery. Not of mere robbery, neither, though that were bad enough; but of robbery coupled with threats, understood if not expressed, of the loss of position and livelihood. And this is done in the name and by the authority of the party which has again and again, in its platforms and in the Messages of its Presidents, declared that the tenure of office should be limited by good behavior and not by political service. It is done in bold, loud disregard of public confession and public decency.

This is the shameless fact. Every officeholder in the country is now being assessed. He is not simply "invited," he is urged and requested to pay one whole week's salary to help the Republican party in its coming campaign. If he does not do it, no matter how poor, no matter who may be dependent upon him, the demand is made a second time, more urgently, and he is made to undeastand the threat that is implied in the demand, that he will lose his place if he does not pay up. This is where the blackmailing comes in. It is virtually said to every office-holder: Pay me two per cent. of your wages, or I will get you turned out of your office and, so far I can, make your family beggars. The blackmailing Republican National Committee dares to do this, and, what is most incredible and atrocious, it is generally believed, it is hard to deny, except in a Pickwickian case, that this blackmailing Committee has the power it assumes to have, that the Executive Department of the nation would, at the command of Hubbell's blackmailers, turn out of office those that refuse to submit to their exactions. And the Committee, acting in defiance of Platforms and Messages, sardonically tells the poor officeholders that the success of the party and the continuance in office depends on their paying in their two per cent. to the blackmailers' treasury.

And, taking example from the central blackmailers in Washington, crews of local blackmailers are springing up in different states. The State Committee of Pennsylvania has already sent out its circulars to appointees from that state, who, having paid their two per cent. to one set of robbers, are now required to pay two per cent. more to another. "The Committee," says blackmailer Cooper, imitating blackmailer Hubbell, "is authorized to state that such voluntary [*sic*] contribution, from persons employed in the service of the state or of the United States, will not be objected to in any official quarter." Certainly not. On the other hand, it is believed the only condition of retaining office. It is not supposed that any clerk will dare to reply: "I am not put in office to serve the Republican party. I cannot afford to pay thirty dollars to carry the next election for the Republican party. I will not do it. The Republican party has by its platforms declared against a partisan civil service. I will trust it, and see if my superior officer dares to remove me for not submitting to your blackmail." We would like to see such a letter written, signed and published, and then wait to find out if these blackmailing committees will be allowed, in the glare of publicity, to lead President and secretaries by the nose to the brink of public destruction. And here follows the Virginia Readjuster party, which announces itself as the party of the Administration, with its blackmailing circular, demanding five per cent more of all the officials from that state to help carry the election for the party.

Has it come to this, shall it come to this that the Republican party gives itself up to blackmailing and extortion? Is it to live by robbing children, by stealing the bread from the poor women? Shall it confess that it must be defeated unless officials appointed to serve the whole country, and not a party, shall heap up a fund of millions with which to corrupt the popular vote? Shall it say one thing in its platforms to deceive decent and conscientious people, and another thing in private circulars, to carry out the methods of unprincipled politicians who run the machine? If it must come to this, then goodbye to the Republican party! But we do not bid it good-bye. We propose that good Republicans shall stay in it and stamp on Hubbell and Cooper and all the blackmailers who are prostituting the party to their vile purpose.

ATTEMPTED BRIBERY,

THE JURY IN THE STAR ROUTE TRIALS APPROACHED.

Judge Wylie so States Before Making His Charge to the Jury.

Washington September 7.—Attorney General Brewster finished his speech and arguments in the star route cases at noon. His address made a deep impression, though many persons think he failed to break the force of Colonel Ingersoll's logical and powerful speech. The attorney general as a jury orator attracted fully as much attention from the audience as his subject matter. His singularities of appearance, dress and methods kept the interests alive even when the argument grew dry. It was debated among the lawyers whether he had not shot above the jury in an attempt to make a historical speech. His affections were often amusing; such as the loving emphasis with which he dwelt on the law notables of British history, the cockney mispronunciation of the word "clerk," and his archanic English comedy interjections. Such excentricities were frequent, but they added to the picturesqueness and force of his speech, as did his singular personal appearance. The attorney general closed his address with a touching anecdote illustrative of the majesty and dignity of the law, and an abjuration of the jury to preserve the forms of justice in their purity. At the conclusion of Mr. Brewster's remarks, which were listened to attentively from beginning to end, though the heat of the court room was oppressive and the air foul, reminded one of the horrors of the Guiteau days. Judge Wilson read the prayers of the defense on which the judge charged. They all bear ed the salient points of the indictment and charged that upon the government rests the responsibility of proving the guilt of the defendants; that the defendants are not required to prove their innocence. The variance of date in the affidavits forms the subject matter of one prayer. Another is an alleged insufficiency of proof to make out the conspiracy. The court is asked to instruct the jury that the defendants cannot be found guilty upon the evidence of Walsh and James and MacVeagh unless, in their opinion, there is sufficeint other evidence to make out the conspiracy. He asked to instruct them that no defendant can be found guilty of any part of the offense, but only the whole of the defense. The taking of bribes by Brady, according to Walsh's testimony, must not be taken as proof of conspiracy. If the jury believes that Brady was influenced by petitions and representations in making the orders, then they must not be considered as resulting from a corrupt combination. If it was charged that Brady made an order and shown that it had been made by French, such overt act must be excluded from the case. In considering the propriety of the orders, productiveness must not be regarded as a paramount circumstance. The motives of the witness should be considered when his testimony is being examined and weighed. Attention is being called to the requirement of law that the evidence must be of such a character as to forbid anyother probability than that of guilt. There were many other points included in Mr. Wilson's prayers, and at the conclusion of the reading it appeared that other counsel had other prayers ready.

The court then dismissed the jurors until next morning. As the jurors were preparing to leave the room Judge Wylie said: "Several members of the jury have come to me with information that they have been approached with propositions most manifestly of a corrupt kind. The first intimation I had of this kind was several weeks ago." Interrupting himself the court said: "I cannot call them intimations; they are pure and direct information given me privately for the purpose of asking me what they (the jurors) should do. My advice was to say nothing about it. The court did not want to interrupt the progress of the arguments of the case by any such side questions as this. But I advised them to be careful. These things have grown more audacious, and within the last twenty-four hours it seems that these wolves that have been around this jury have become fiercer and more determined. I felt such indignation that I was almost ready to advise the jurymen to shoot them on the spot. That is the way I felt about it, but I gave no opinion. But villany of this kind, scoundrelism of this degree, deserves no mercy. I do not say in what interest these suggestions have been made; I do not want to convey any information on that subject, but I want to advise this jury to repel with scorn and indignation any base attempt of this character on their virtue and integrity. The insult is of the least intensity, and I do hope that when we get through this trial fairly you may have information enough to enable the court to lay its hands on men of this kind, on these men who have approached you in this way. I have called your attention to this subject with another view—to give warning to men of this kind of what they are about and that the officers of the law may do their duty. If it is possible ferret out these scoundrels it shall be done. Give them no quarter; spurn them with the end of your toes; no baser vermin infest the earth than men engaged in this kind of business, and the insult to you is that they suppose that you are just as base, just as low as they are themselves. No man should allow a whisper of this kind to be made to him without spurning it with the utmost scorn and contempt if he goes no further. I do not advise violence at any time; of course I do not; but next to the insult that is given to a man's wife is an insult of this kind to a juror. His honor should be as carefully guarded as he would guard the honor of his wife. Having said this much collaterally at this point we can now take a recess." Judge Wylie's remarks created a profound sensation and the foreman of the jury, William Dickson, who is probably one of the jurors approached, said that after the disposal of this case he would lay the whole matter before his honor. Thos. Mr. Rinkle, counsel for Miner & Vaile, rose on behalf of himself and of his client demanded an investigation of the charge that had been made. By the court: "We will see about that; we will probably have it." Mr. McSweeny said: "We, too, want an investigation." Mr. Wilson said: "We want it all 'round." The recess was then taken. After the recess Mr. Chandler proceeded to read his prayers.

Wm. Dickson, foreman of the jury, was seen by a reporter after the jury had been dismissed. He said that it was manifestly improper for him to say anything about the matter at present. The reporter said he appreciated his position fully and did not expect to get the names or the details of the transaction, but would like to know the extent of the affair. Dickson said that all he could say about the matter was that in August he was approached, and on learning that some of his brother jurors had also been approached with bribes, he informed Judge Wylie of the occurrance and told the other jurors that if any more attempts were made to corrupt them to let them know.

"How much was offered by the would-be bribers?"

Dickson said it would not be proper to state that, but that the offers were large in amount.

THE STAR ROUTE CASES IN THE HANDS OF THE JURY.

Washington, September 8.——Judge Wylie occupied the entire morning in his charge to the jury. He exercised, of course, a judicial calmness, but the charge has gone heavily against the defense. He evidently thinks that the government proved its case. He took a few specimen routes and showed how extravagant and unnecessary had been the expedition and increase of pay, and took care to add that the action of the department was not due to negligence, though negligence itself was often a crime. The law points raised by the defense he has generally dismissed as untenable, and, in short, he indicated as clearly as possible that the jury must convict. Judge Wylie finished his charge a little before 1 o'clock. Its concluding portions were very severe on the positions of the defense. When the judge ended Mr Henkle asked him to rule on his prayers, and the judge proceeded to do so in a vein that was anything but satisfactory to counsel for the defense, who, however, content themselves with taking exceptions to his decisions for use on an appeal in the case of the conviction, which now seems almost inevitable. The case was given to the jury a few minutes before three o'clock. A recess was then taken until 6 o'clock, and the jury was ordered to report at that time.

During the recess some of the spectators remained in their seats and sometime before court reassembled the room was almost completely filled with an expectant crowd. John Dorsey and Rereded sat side by side conversng in whispers. Minor and Vaile sat beside their counsel. All of them wore a strained, anxious expression of countenance and they glanced furtively at the clock as the hour of six approached. Turner was unconcerned, almost smiling. The other defendants were not present. Shortly after the appointed hour the judge took his seat and the jury summoned. Pending their appearance General Brady came in and stood near the door. At five minutes past six o'clock the jury was called. An impressive silence reigned among the spectators while the clerk inquired, "Gentlemen of the jury have you agreed upon a verdict?" Foreman Dickson answered: "We have not except as to one of the defendants." The court: "That will do. You had better take your seats until counsel for the government come in." The jury took their seats. Messrs. Bliss and Ker came into court at this moment and were informed of the condition of affairs. Mr. Bliss said he did not see what was expected of the government counsel. The court then directed the jury to retire for further deliberation, saying that perhaps by to-morrow they would find another verdict. They were cautioned to beware of "jury-fixers." The Marshal was directed to find suitable accommodations for the jury during the night and a recess was taken until to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

Washington, September 10.—At 10:12 this morning the star route jury came into the court room looking rather fatigued. In answer to the usual questions from the clerk the foreman answered: "I am not as as yet directed by the jury to make a report."

The Court—"Have you not agreed upon a verdict."

Foreman Dickson—"Partially."

The Court—"I do not know but that I shall have to administer the common law in its purity. At common law the jury was locked up and kept together without light, fire or any of the comforts of civilized society, and so kept until their verdict was reached. I will consider about this, but will not adopt that course today."

Forman Dickson—"It might be proper to state that we are no nearer a conclusion than when our last report was made."

The Court—"Then, gentlemen, the time has come to enforce the common law. Marshal, you will take the jury to their own room and detain them as other juries are detained until a verdict be reached."

THE VERDICT.

The Big Thieves Clear—Small Ones Caught.

Washington Sept. 11.—The jury in the star route cases have rendered a verdict finding Miner and Rerdell guilty and Turner and Peck not guilty. As to the other defendants—Brady and the two Dorseys and Vaile—the jury are unable to agree. The jury were discharged. The verdict is generally regarded as a cowardly and absurd one. The conspiracy is found and two of the "small fish" are sacrificed. The vote was heavily against all the defendants. On the first ballot, as to all the defendants, with the exception of Turner, the vote stood: For conviction 8, for acquittal 4. On the final ballot the vote as to Brady stood: For conviction 10, for acquittal 2. The vote as to S. W. Dorsey stood: For conviction 9, for acquittal 3. The vote as to J. W. Dorsey stood: For conviction 10, for acquittal 2. The vote as to Vaile stood: For conviction 11, for acquittal 1.

THE ALMSHOUSE ROBBER.

Phipps, the Philadelphia almshouse robber, and superintendent of that institution, is shriker of the boss wing of the republican party, and his flight will make one vote less for Jim Beaver. Phipps true to boss habits stole on a grand scale. In addition to the $10,000 worth of goods stolen from the almshouse, mentioned in last week's REPORTER, another search shows up an additional $5000, of which the following is a manifest:

The investigating committee of practical reformers was found in the dining room. Detective Miller was in the closet handing out dozens after dozens of bottles to Mr. Huggard, who passed them to Mr. Ruhl, who in turn handed them to Mr. Rudolph Blankenburg, who, in his shirt sleeves, was arranging them in a symmetrical order off the floor. George D. McCreary stood by, amazement depicted on his features. The bottles contained liquid rennett, lime fruit juice, pickles, lime fruit cordial, green olives and a variety of spices. Then there were firkins of sugar and coffee, three boxes of cocoa, boxes of maccaroni, 310 pounds of lard, three barrels and a half of sugar and a package of pepper. These things are all new discoveries, and in addition to what were found in the cellar on Saturday afternoon.

ROBBING THE DYING.

But it was upstairs where the magnitude of Major Phipps' stealing was revealed. In the second story brick room, at present used as a bed room, is a large closet.

"What is there?" asked the detective of Mrs. Adams, who was present during the search.

"I don't know. I never saw the key. I guess there are only private things in it," she replied.

"Well, we'll see," said the detective, as he pried open the door with a hatchet.

The following is the order in which the private things were turned out:—Three pieces of linen and flannel, a number of cases of Glen Mills cotton, dozens of towels, more linen, three or four packs of playing cards, cases of pencils, a package of foolscap paper, rubber bands, twine, another consignment of scrubbing brushes, bundles of envelopes, more towels, napkins, and handkerchiefs. Several of latter bore Mrs. Phipps' name.

"These are personal effects, we won't take them," said the detective.

Then came three massive pieces of flannel.

"Just look at the flannel," said Mr. McCreary, "and the poor drvils over there in the Almshouse freezing in the winter time.

The detective continued to hand out cases of buttons, cotton, boxes of fine tooth brushes, tape, a bottle of bay rum, new combs, carving knives, sponges, a case of allspice and cinnamon, another bundle of muslin, a piece of sheeting, three pieces of towelling, a piece of Turkey red damask, a piece of Scotch linen dyed damask, a piece of furniture cotton, more Scotch linen damask, a piece of bleached linen sheeting, another piece of brown linen, one of muslin, one of cotton flannel, one of bleached cotton sheeting, one of checked gingham, more of fine white flannel, eight dozen fine French linen towls, more brown muslin sheeting, three pillow slips, a lot of Turkish towels, two pieces of Lonsdale cambric muslin, more sheetings and more scarlet flannel.

PLUNDER EVERYWHERE.

But the stock in trade wasn't yet exhausted. The recess of the closet yielded out pieces of calico and gingham, and a bundle of children's stockings ("and the children over there have to go barefooted," commented Mrs. Creary), fourteen pieces of printed calico, German and tea towelling, a large number of new counterpanes, three pieces of satin damask of thirty-one and three-quarter yards, and a large number of other specimens of clothes. In addition to all this there were a number of smaller articles and a heavy safe. The latter was found securely locked and no attempt was made to open it. While Messrs. Huggard, Ruhl and Detective Miller were engaged in examining the contents of the closet Messrs. Blankenburg and McCreary had got down to a number of Major Phipps' private papers and bills. These were found in the drawer of a bureau in the room. The bills bore on their face the value of $250,000, but as they all appeared to be negotiable the real sum represented was, of course, much under that amount. On the back porch of this room a case of American wine was found, several single bottles and a number of fresh pieces of linen. In a dumb waiter communicating with the kitchen three new pieces of uncut muslin were found. The total value of the articles discovered up to this time is estimated at over $5000. This does not include Saturday night's discoveries. Those interesting themselves in the search believe that when their labors are ended articles pilfered by the fugitive Superintendent will have been unearthed of the value of a very large sum of money. Three Almshouse wagons were necessary to cart the articles found at Mrs. Adams' house to-day to the Almshouse.

In spite of the rose-colored dispatches which Sir Garnet Wolseley sends to the British War Officers, it is well to remember that he was ten days getting from the little station of Nefisheh, opposite Ismailia, to Kassassin, a distance less than twenty miles. When he began the advance from Ismailia it was supposed that Zagza Zig would be the first spot strong enough entrenched to impede his progress to Cairo. He has been twice checked and now stands with two thousand of the flower of the British army in front of the mud huts of Kassassin, with the knowledge that Tel-el-Kebir will offer him another battle as soon as he gets in reach of the Egyptian artillery. The sending to Woolwich for additional field guns indicates that General Wolseley will play a waiting game until he gets the means of battering down the Egyptian earthworks without exposing his men to the slaughter of an assault. When it comes to man against man the rebels are hard customers, and they have overwhelming odds in numbers.

Invitation.

Strangers are invited to visit our store, when in Philadelphia, to leave packages there, and to make a convenience of it generally. It is a handy place, right by the new City Hall, at the very center of the city. It answers our purpose to welcome you, and to provide for such of your wants as we can.

The store is about twice as large as it was two or three years ago; made so by digging under ground and building overhead, and by extension on Chestnut street. Parts of the store are about as comfortable as any place can be; and one of the most comfortable parts is now being got ready for the rest and refreshment of strangers.

One of the pleasant things about the store always has been the fact that you can walk all over it, either alone or with a guide, without ever being asked to buy a thing. We know very well that most of you come to us for a good share of your supplies; why should we spoil your visit by intruding goods upon your attention, when you come to see the place?

But perhaps you are not coming to Philadelphia just now. Very well; take a cooler time. It's cool enough in the store, when you get here. You can write for any goods that you may happen to want; and get them, probably, just as well as if you were on the spot. Any how, you know, you can return whatever you get that you don't like.

We sell more sorts of things than we can put into an advertisement. So, whatever you want, suppose you drop us a line. We'll help you if we can.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets, and City-hall square, PHILADELPHIA.

Benson's —AWARDED— Capcine & Porous —MEDALS.— Plaster.

The Best Known Remedy for

Backache or Lame Back.
Rheumatism or Lame Joints.
Cramps or Sprains.
Neuralgia or Kidney Diseases.
Lumbago, Severe Aches or Pains
Female Weaknesses.

Are Superior to all other Plasters.
Are Superior to Pads.
Are Superior to Liniments.
Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
Are superior to Electricity or galvanism
They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen.
They Soothe.
They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.

SEABURY & JOHNSON, Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25c. A HEADACHE ... CURE and BUNION PLASTER

THE STINGS OF CONSCIENCE.

Brockville, Ont., August 28.—A man who gives his name as James McGinnis, aged 47 years, delivered himself to the police to-day. He says five years ago while waiter in the Grosvenor Hotel, London, he, with two others whom he did not know, murdered three men, also unknown. He was induced to do so through fear of his own life. He came to Canada a few days ago on the steamer Lake Winnepeg. The crime preyed on his mind so that he could neither eat nor sleep, and he decided to surrender to the authorities.

MAINE ELECTION.

Portland, Me., Sept. 11.—Roble (republican) is elected by 7,500 to 9,000 plurality. The republican congressional ticket is carried by about the same vote.

Personal—

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic or suffering from any of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

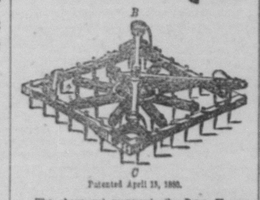
If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you a fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath, health and comfort.

In short they cure all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Try Hop Bitters to-day. (19)

THE PENN HARROW

BEST IN THE WORLD

IT HAS NO EQUAL



Patented April 19, 1880.

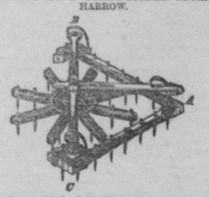
The above cut represents the Penn Harrow complete, with all its combinations of Five Harrows and a sled for each Harrow; and each succeeding piece is made from the Harrow without the least additional expense. By hooking the team to either point, B or C, the center revolves and gives the ground Two Strokes and Two Crossings in passing over it once, making it the most effective pulverizer in the market.

THIS HARROW HAS ONLY TO BE USED TO BE APPRECIATED.

See it before purchasing and you will buy no other.

The Penn Harrow

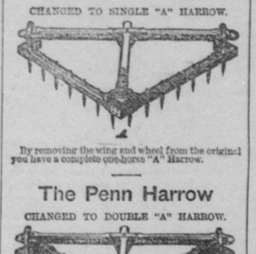
CHANGED TO A THREE-CORNER ROTARY HARROW.



Indispensable for Orchards, as the revolving wheel harrows right up to and all around the trees without barking them.

The Penn Harrow

CHANGED TO SINGLE "A" HARROW.



By removing the wing and wheel from the original you have a complete one-horse "A" Harrow.

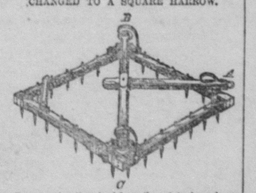
The Penn Harrow

CHANGED TO DOUBLE "A" HARROW.

"Remove the wheel from the original, reverse the wing, and it makes the most complete Double "A" Harrow in the market.

The Penn Harrow

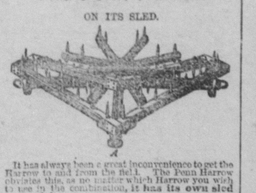
CHANGED TO A SQUARE HARROW.



By removing the wheel from the original you have a Harrow with three points to hook to. By hooking to B or C you can harrow in a furrow, and harrow the bottom and both sides, or over a ridge and harrow the top and both sides, or you can lift either point and have two points on the ground—something that cannot be done with any other Harrow.

The Penn Harrow

ON ITS SLED.



It has always been a great inconvenience to get the Harrow to and from the field. The Penn Harrow obviates this, and as the wheel which Harrow you wish to use in the combination, it has its own sled to haul it on.

The Penn Harrow

To make of the best white oak, with steel teeth, well painted, in every way first-class. Formerly a harrow was the most unhandy implement on the farm; with our improvement it is the most convenient, will do double the work of any other harrow and save the farmer half his labor, and is warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded. ORDER AT ONCE AND BE CONVINCED.

Price of the Right Sort Combination Penn Harrow $30.00. Send for a Catalogue and see its Extensions.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY.

PENN HARROW MANUFACTURING CO.

CAMDEN, N. J.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the receipt for a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3c. stamp, Ben. Vandell & Co., 12 Barclay st., New York.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa., Sept. 14, 1882.

FRED KURTZ, ... Editor.

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2 50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

☞ Hereafter all subscribers paying for subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

"THERE'S NO SUCCESS LIKE SUCCESS."

Rapid Sales keep our Counters clear of old goods—Railroad and Telegraphic facilities give us quick communication with the world's markets—You know where to find us—

G. R. SPIGELMYER, & Co's "Fair,"
WHITMER & Co's "Supply Depot"
SPRING MILLS.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——We will send the REPORTER, for the campaign, in clubs of 20, for $4.00. Send in names for clubs of 20.

——Monday was wet and chilly; Tuesday clear.

——Next Thursday, 14th inst., is Jewish New Year, and Saturday, 23, is first day.

——The new bridge being built across the Susquehanna at Renova broke down. Twelve men were on it at the time, ten of whom were badly injured.

——The republican county convention meets at Bellefonte, Tuesday 26. The REPORTER would advise the convention to reaffirm the former resolution in favor of Blaine.

——Farmers, by taking your produce to Sechlers, you get the highest market price, at all times. All kinds of produce taken at Sechlers. Call with them and serve your own best interests.

——Cars are scarce in Clearfield and Cumberland coal regions. The Pennsylvania railroad company is short of motive power.

——The Tussyville band will hold the pic-nic of the season, on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 29 and 30. All kinds of fun, lots of music. Oysters, ice-cream and other good things will be served.

——Bargains, better than the best, in all kinds of store goods, at Brockerhoff's popular Centre Hall store. They are in constant receipt of new goods. Call and see before purchasing elsewhere.

——The Rev. J. H. Derr, of Williamsport, will preach in the Reformed church at Centre Hall, on next Sunday, 10 a. m., and on same day at 2 p. m. in Emanuel's church, Tussyville.

——The Barny Wagner farm near Centre Hill, is advertised in the REPORTER at public sale.

——A call is advertised for a county convention of the temperance men, at Centre Hall, 25 inst., to place in nomination a prohibition candidate for assembly.

——Snyder county ought to be happy —potatoes are selling at 30 cts. per bushel there.

——No. 1 canned fruit, and best dried peaches and pruens, very cheap, at Brockerhoffs. Give them a trial, they are a superior article.

——The Clinton County Sunday School Association will meet at Salona, in annual session, Wednesday and Thursday, October 19th and 20th.

——Storekeeper Brown, of the Philadelphia almshouse, who has been arrested as a confederate of Phipps, had his wife summering at Unionville, this county, the past season, and also has a brother living in that vicinity.

Consumption, liver and kidney diseases are cured by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, and strengthens the whole system.

——The Methodist festival on last Saturday cleared about $80. The proceeds will be applied for the purchase of an organ.

——It is conceded by all housekeepers that have dealt at Sechlers that it is the best place always, for first class groceries, always fresh and pure, and that their prices are fair. There is not a more complete grocery within 100 miles of Bellefonte and 19 out of 20 do not compete.

——Mr. M. M. Ruhle, of Mifflin county, is out one horse, one wagon and one set of harness. He will pay $40 for the return of the same.

——There is an old saying, "There is nothing like leather," and it is true too, and more, there is nothing like the leather in the boots and shoes at Doll & Mingles—it is all leather, best tanned, and best made up of any similar goods in this county, and much cheaper than any other store dare offer boots and shoes. A new stock for the fall trade just received. If you want a real bargain call at Doll & Mingles, in the Brockerhoff house block.

— THE OLD RELIABLE STAND:—For beauty and chastness of design, correct workmanship and durability of material the monuments made at the Millheim Marble Works stand second to none in central Penn'a. The proprietors understand the business thoroughly and are entirely responsible for all they promise. We advise our readers to patronize the Millheim Works for anything they may want in the marble line. 2t

—Mr. C. F. Herlacher has set up his feather renovator at Rebersburg, and is prepared to renovate all the feather beds, matresses, etc.; in Miles twp. We know something about the good work of Mr. Herlacher in this regard. No one should fail to give him ticks, matresses, or pillows for cleaning, as he will render most perfect satisfaction. Feathers will be returned to their owners better than new, and more bulky, cleansed of all impurities that render them unhealthy. Don't fear to try him.

——The Lock Haven *Democrat* says: Hog cholera appeared in Nittany valley about harvest and has since raged without abatement, and proved very destructive. It is estimated that not less than from five to eight hundred hogs have been lost in the valley. There is hardly a farmer but has lost from two to twenty. Among those who have lost the largest number are Messrs. James Taylor, J. Barner, Henry Beck and Austin Confer —the first mentioned having lost his entire herd. The disease has made its appearance in this city and quite a number of porkers have succumbed thereto. Its first symptoms are stiffness of the limbs, followed by a cough. Not one out of 25 recovers.

——A very rich mine of iron ore, six feet nine inches thick, has ben discovered on the land of Messrs. N. Shaw & Co., located on Monquito creek, Clearfield county.

——One night last week burglars entered the mill at Spring Mills and made an attempt to drill a hole in Ed. Krumrine's safe, but failed to get through for a blast, and left the job unfinished. The same night a number of cellars were robbed there.

——Mr. Geo. B Haines, of Wolf's store, illuminated our sanctum with his presence the other day. Mr. Haines reports the farmers in that section of Miles twp., pretty generally done sowing.

——Rebersburg has a new mercantile firm—C. L. Gramley & Bro. having bought the store of Frank & Son.

—Sweet potatoes, peaches, apples and other fruit, fresh, at Sechlers, in the Bush house block.

Osceola cries aloud for a new station, where passengers can await the arrival of trains without being subjected to so much vulgarity and indecent conduct as they are compelled to listen to and witness at the present excuse for a station.

The fifteenth annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Pennsylvania, will be held at Williamsport, September 28 to October 1st next, inclusive. The local association of Williamsport is actively preparing for the coming event.

THE GRANGE PIC NIC.

The Patrons' 9th annual Picnic to be held on the mountain near Centre Hall, on September 21st, will be a large affair, judging from the efforts of the Committee. Among the speakers for the occasion are V. E. Piolett, P. M. state grange; congressman Curtin, and Mr. Whitehead, of N. J., past lecturer of the national grange. There will be a number of bands to discourse music, with plenty of good things to eat, as usual. It will be a pleasant re-union of the citizens of our county in general.

——PERSONAL.—Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Williamsport, are visiting at Wm. Wolfs.

Rev. Fischer and family are visiting in Somerset Co.

Samuel Krumbine, of Altoona, a "Reporter" graduate, was home on a visit.

J. Witmer Wolf is visiting Boston no doubt to look in on some of the musical institutions of the Hub.

Ed. Miller is about to leave for Baltimore to attend med. lectures.

Ed. Krumrine, it is said, will soon take himself to Lewisburg to superintend a grain warehouse. Can Spring Mills spare him?

We are sorry to learn that Harry Stitzer, of Bellefonte, has been bedfast for some three weeks.

Mr. Geo. Jackson, of Bellefonte, has a stiff arm, the result of an injury from a vicious cow some time ago.

— The exterior of the Reporter building has been remodelled and repainted and is now among the neatest of our neat town's improvements. Extending along the full front of the building above the second story large lettering spells out the "Centre Reporter," and can be read half a mile away, done after the best touches of the painter, Mr. D. F. Luse. Persons now will have no difficulty in finding us, and we will at all times be pleased to have our friends and patrons call for a pleasant chat or to have 'em sit and read our exchanges from all parts of the country.

——At the recent Centre Hill meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing year by the Co. S. S. Association:

Rev. S. E. Furst, President; Sylvester D. Ray, Secretary; Charles F. Cook, Treasurer.

Executive Committee—Revs. R. Crittenden, John Hewitt, W. E. Fischer, J. Zeigler and Morris. Messrs. J. W. Gephart, D. S. Keller, F. P. Green and H. L. Harvey.

The oldest acting superintendent in the county, Peter Wilson, Esq., of Spring Mills, invited the Association to hold its next annual meeting at that place.

——Some writer in the Bellefonte *News* has made an unjust attack upon Mayor Powers of that town. Mr. Powers is one of the best and most popular Mayors Bellefonte has ever had, and the writer is evidently afraid of his popularity, and seeks to hit him from his ambush least he may be elected governor or congressman. Mr. Powers has done his full duty as the chief officer of his town—such anonymous things can not hurt him one bit. Powers is a power in Bellefonte and the terror of evildoers, male and female; let all good citizens stand by their Mayor and hold up his hands, he is active and faithful in the discharge of his duties, as attested by the large vote with which the citizens of that town re-elected him.

Among the railroad charters granted at the state department during August is one for the Susquehanna and Southwestern Railroad Company. The terminal points are Williamsport and the southern line of Clearfield county, thus traversing parts of Lycoming, Clinton, Centre and Clearfield counties. The capital is $4,000,000. The length of the line is one hundred miles. The corporators are ex-Senator Wallace, ex-State Senator Peale, John G. Reading, and Hon. J. M. Gazzman, of Philadelphia; Wm. H. Brown, of Clinton, and Israel Test, E. H. Bigler and B. L. Wallace, of Clearfield. The stock is mainly subscribed by the first three named gentlemen. It is understood that this road is projected for the purpose of developing some 30,000 acres of coal lands lately bought by the gentlemen engaged in its construction, a portion of which has recently been purchased by other parties.

SELLING OUT IRISH VOTES.

An Attempt to Deliver the Land League to Cameron for Money.

Philadelphia, Sept. 8.—The *Times* will publish to-morrow a letter over the signature of its editor, Col. A. K. McClure, addressed to T. O. Malley, Secretary of the Central Branch of the Land League, in answer to the resolutions passed by that body requesting to be advised upon what authority the *Times* had made its public charge that certain assumed leaders of the Land League were bargaining with the leaders of the Republican party in Pennsylvania for the transfer or sale of 30,000 Irish votes. Col. McClure in reply says that "the proposition to secure the Irish Land League vote for Gen. Beaver was conceived by John C. Delaney, who has long been known as a dealer in Irish votes, with petty offices and cash as his rewards." On or about June 5, says Col. McClure, Delaney appeared in Washington on the mission for the purchase of the Land League. He conferred with several Irishmen who hold subordinate positions under the Government, and unreservedly declared plan and purpose to fully halt a dozen men. He gave the name of Mr. Walsh, of Pennsylvania, as the man who had suggested negotiations with Edward O'Meagher Condon, as the Land League leader most likely to make and execute a contract for the transfer of the Land League voters for Beaver. Delaney proposed to bring Condon and Cameron together to perfect the contract on the basis of the removal of Minister Lowell from England and Condon to mislead the Irish, and the payment of a liberal amount of money to Condon.

After consulting with several other parties Delaney had a conference with Condon on or about the 5th of June, at which conference the details of the agreement were made by which Cameron and Delaney were to secure the removal of Minister Lowell to give Condon a plea to present to the Irish people. Condon was to be paid liberally for his services in defrauding the Irish voters, and was to be detailed by Assistant Secretary New to nominal public inspection of different points in Pennsylvania, to enable him to reach the various Land League centres with an appearance of performing official duty.

On or about June 6 Condon and Delaney called on and conferred with Cameron, when the contract for the delivery of the Land League vote for Beaver was perfected in all details, and Cameron agreed to have Assistant Secretary New assign Condon ostensible duty in Pennsylvania. The contract was afterward consummated with Condon alone, with the conditions that Minister Lowell hould be removed, if possible, to start a tide of Irish enthusiasm for Arthur and Cameron; that a large sum of money was to be paid to Condon, in addition to his salary and official traveling expenses, and that Cameron was to secure Assistant Secretary New's order assigning Condon to an indefinite tour of inspection duty in Pennsylvania. Col. McClure adds:

These facts are not given in idle rumor or loose statements or collections. They are in my posession as sworn facts, and they are within the knowledge of several persons with whom Delaney conferred at the time, and of several other persons to whom he, in his pride of his supposed success of his crime, detailed the whole facts substantially as I have given them to you. I am not at liberty, at present, to give you the names of my informants who have reported or sworn to the facts, nor am I at liberty at present to give you the name of the person to whom Delaney's letters are addressed, but the original letters are in my possession, all in Delaney's well-known hand writing, written on his official State Librarian paper.

Col. McClure then quotes Delaney's letters, dated "Official Librarian, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Senate Chamber, Harrisburg, June 2, 1882." In the first letter Delaney says:

The Democracy met and named their ticket, a ticket that we could beat by 30,000, were we united. In fact, I feel confident we can beat it should the fight go on as it now stands. But it will take the hardest work and the greatest amount of cash ever spent in a State fight. I have been moving in my own way ever since I left you, and am proud to say never in my experience have I met with so much real encouragement form our people.

When I left Washington I fully expected that Senator Cameron would have Condon sent here at once, but up to this time I have not heard a word on this subject; at this moment know not what to say or think of it. I wrote to the Senator on Friday last, asking for an explanation. As soon as I hear from Cameron I will notify you. In any event, it seems to me your original plan had better be carried out. Do, then, write my proposition to the authority best able to carry it out, and let us strike a double blow, one for dear old Ireland and the other for our cause here.

In a second letter dated August 22, Delaney says:

Senator Comeron returned here on Wednesday evening, and last evening I had a very satisfactory interview with him. He tells me that the day after I left he called on Mr. New and asked for a cave of absence for Condon (for the purpose of helping us), and that New answered him he could leave whenever he was ready. Now, my dear friend, can you not find out whether or not Condon received orders? I am at a loss to comprehend this matter and must rely upon you to unravel it. You know what McClure in his *Times* some weeks ago insinuated that we were "bargaining for the Land League vote"—consideration, money, and Lowell's withdrawal. This was bringing it pretty close, but McClure, when challenged by the League for proof, puts them off for "sixty or ninety days," promising at that time to give them the proof.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR.

Chauncy F. Black, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor, and who bears his mother's family name, was born "among the suns of the frosty thunder," in Somerset county, Pa., November 1839. His early education was obtained at Monongahala academy, Morgantown, W. Va.; Hiram college, in Ohio, and finished his studies at Jefferson college, Canonsburg. When he was a pupil at Hiram the late President Garfield was a tutor there, and the acquaintance thus formed ripened into a personal friendship, which was only interrupted by the President's tragic death. Their political differences were the widest, as illustrated by the scholarly and irresistible paper, in which Mr. Black took issue with Mr. Garfield's exultant boast that the influence of Jefferson is on the wane in our political system.

Young Black was admitted to the bar of Somerset, but never practiced much, showing early inclination toward journalism and other forms of literary work. From the time of beginning his law studies he wrote for various journals on a wide range of topics, doing a vast amount of effective political work, for which he had trained himself by profound study of the fathers of the Republic. Jefferson found in him an appreciative but discriminating admirer, and the Hamiltonian theories encountered his early criticism and dissent. Study of the constitution and of the discussions over its adoption and construction only confirmed him in his Democracy, and with the growth of ideas he recognized that they who had founded our institutions had builded wiser than they knew, formulating a system which could be practicably and profitably applied to every question that arose.

Mr. Black, though a student of politics, has never failed to take a laboring oar in the practical work of campaigns. Besides the engagement of his pen for effective work in many quarters, he has been heard upon the stump year after year, and a number of the latter platforms of the Democratic State Conventions are accredited to his authorship. In 1879 he represented York county in the State convention, and in 1880 he was one of the delegates from that Congressional district to the Cincinnati convention, voting on the first ballot for Judge Field and on the second for General Hancock. Prior to the late State convention, from the time his nomination for Lieutenant Governor was first broached, the suggestion was received with popular favor, and he was chosen by a large majority on the first ballot. The selection was ratified most heartily not only by the Democratic press of Pennsylvania but by many journals of large influence out side the State.

From his youth Mr. Black has been a supporter of those Democratic principles which he comes to by inheritance and holds by intelligent convictions. With ready pen and eloquent tongue he has steadily maintained them for over twenty years. In all his utterances and writings they never found abler nor more fitting expressions than in his recent successful effort to revive the Jeffersonian societies and extended the study of Jeffersonian principles. To this patriotic task he has applied himself not because of any retrospecive tendency of his mind, nor by reason of any failure to profoundly appreciate the spirit of true progressiveness and to adapt himself and his political principles to the wonderful development of our national life. He holds that in the Jeffersonian philosophy are the germs of all political progress.

In the system originated and declared by those illustrious men who settled our free institutions and founded the Democratic party to preserve them, he discovers certain fundamental principles by which all later day issues may be fairly tested, and departure from which can only be safely ventured upon when it has been determined to subvert the principles of the fathers.

Press Opinions.

The Chicago *Tribune*, leading republican paper of Illinois: The Chicago *Tribune*, in the support which at this distance it can give the anti-Boss Republicans of Pennsylvania, but expresses the sentiments of the great mass of the Republicans of Illinois. Bossism cannot control the Republicans of Illinois. That has been tried, and its defeat is memorable as well as historical. The *Tribune* believes there is virtue enough in the Republicans of Pennsylvania to vindicate themselves and their state and their country from the disgraceful servitude which, descending from sire to son, enslaves not only the Republicans, but the entire people of the State.

The Philadelphia *Press*, rep: The name and statesmanship of Rutherford B. Hayes, the Springfield *Republican* thinks, ought to have come in for a share of Mr. Blaine's eulogies in his last speech. Unfortunately, while the Star route trials are running, any eulogies of the "name and statesmanship of Rutherford B. Hayes" run across the fact that he sheltered a ring which was stealing millions, protected its head in power, when the facts were brought out, and left another Administration to deal with the disgraceful scandal. If Mr. Hayes had reformed less in letters about civil service reform and more by discharging Brady, his "name and statesmanship" would need less codding and deserve more eulogy.

New York *Sun*: The Free Thinkers who were lately in session at Watkins passed a set of resolutions violating and assailing the Church, and calling for the organization of infidelity against it. They would have the Spiritualists, Nationalists, Deists, Agnostics," and the infidels of every variety come together as allies, and present a solid front against the Church.

But what harm does the Church do them? This is not an age or a country in which a man is forced to have any religious faith. Nobody here suffers any penalty because of his infidelity. He is not made a martyr because of it. He is not even tabooed socially on account of his doubt or denial, but finds plenty of people ready to sympathize with him and to applaud him. He is not obliged to go to church, and does not have to pay for the maintenance of religious ceremonies and a priesthood. All is voluntary. Infidelity is very pecuniarily profitable for Bob Ingersoll, for instance. It is his stock in trade. He gains money by being an infidel, and owes his popularity chiefly to his infidelity.

The infidels, therefore, are too prosperous to be brought into an organization. If they were persecuted, they might be stimulated to bring their forces together in bitter animosity to the Church which loaded them with pains and penalties. But nowadays the only thing the Church can do is try to convert them to religious faith. That is a sort of pressure it has a right to bring. Nobody, not even the most violent infidel, can complain of that. He is as free to deny as the Church is to affirm.

N. Y. *Tribune*, rep: The plain fact is that there are two Republican tickets in the field, and there are not enough Republican voters in the State to elect more than one. Indeed it is a fact that a first-class Republican ticket, satisfactory to both Republican factions, could be elected over Mr. Pattison, the Democratic candidate, only by hard work. No party can breed a quarrel like that which Mr. Cameron's management has caused in Pennsylvania and not lose strength by it. In addition to this, there is Mr. Pattison's independent reform record, and the fact that thousands of Republicans in Philadelphia have voted for him as controller, and have seen no cause for regretting it. What they have done once they will find it easy to do again. It is absurd to say, therefore, that General Beaver has any chance of being elected. He could not be if the Independent ticket were out the field. He simply blocks the way.

Delaware Co. *Democrat*: Honest legislation can be secured only by sternly rejecting all candidates but those of tested integrity. No matter what party presents doubtful men, vote against them; and whenever the bosses learn that only good men can be elected, they will consent to acceptable nominations. Especially, smite the legislative roosters wherever they appear, and they will soon give away to men of independence and integrity.

THE DAILY GRAPHIC,

Saturday, July 29

WALT WHITMAN'S LEAVES OF GRASS.

The edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," about which so much has been written on account of the abandonment of its publication by a Boston firm in consequence of Mr. Anthony Comstock's allegations that it contained objectionable passages, has been issued by Rees Welsh & Co., Philadelphia. The book contains so much true poetry, so many passages which stamp their author as a true poet of a high, though certainly not of the highest order, that it is a pity that Mr. Whitman's own good sense has not moved him to cut out the "Children of Adam," words and lines, which add nothing at all to the beauty of his work and which certainly are not structural and vital to it. The author of such a poem as "O Captain, My Captain," does himself injustice and puts himself to a disadvantage most unnecessarily and most cruelly by flying in the face of decent public opinion. Walt Whitman's personality is too sweet and sound and clear to be put by a mere piece of injudiciousness at so great a disadvantage as that under which a few expressions in his poems—wonton and willfully kept there against the advice of his best friends—cause him to labor. He will not expunge them himself, and therefore he must pay the penalty; but after he is dead they will be blotted out of editions, for lovers of the good man will be sure to do for his fame that which he himself has—we are sure, foolishly refused to do for it.

THE WAR IN EGYPT.

De Lesseps Thinks the Struggle Will Be a Long One.

Paris, Sept. 2.—De Lesseps, who has just arrived here, in an interview on Egyptian affairs, said that the first fact that should be known regarding the Egyptian matter is that the movement is a national one He was convinced that Arabi had the whole nation at his back. His force at present is between twenty-five and thirty thousand Arabs. His arms are two hundred thousand, and when he needs men can get them.

De Lesseps had every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which Arabi behaved toward the canal. The English had no need of the canal for their operations. The Arabs had not placed a price on his head. On the contrary, after the English had landed at Suez he had received a letter from Arabi saying he knew it was not his fault, and giving him notice that the Sweetwater canal would be cut. The English sailors had behaved very badly, firing right and left in the streets and killing many Arab momen and children, and one of De Lesseps' own employes. The English army was very well organized.

He thinks the war will be a long one, and its results can not yet be forecast. No serious operations could be undertaken until the hot weather and the overflow of the Nile were at an end, in October. It is not true that Arabi had mutilated English dead and wounded. He had heard nothing of that from officers in Egypt. England had long been intending to get her finger into Egypt on one pretext or another. The whole trouble had been caused by the intrigues of Malet, and for the purpose of giving England this opportunity. He had not seen any of the actual fighting, but there had been many more killed and wounded among the English than reported. There were many cases of sunstroke and some cholera, too. When he had been in Egypt before the troubles began, he found some opposition to Arabi among the Bedouin chiefs, but now he believes they are all for him.

Some Arabs entered Meks, but were dislodged at the point of the bayonet.

Every person owning even a small garden spot should set out small fruits, and to know when, how and what to plant send to A. M. Purdy, Palmyra, N. Y., for his catalogue, sent free to all applicants; or for 25 cents in stamps will get his 64-page "Small Fruit Instructor." He also publishes a twenty page monthly paper called "THE FRUIT RECORDER AND COTTAGE GARDNER," price $1.00 per year, or from this time to Dec., 1883, only $1.00. He sends a specimen copy free to all applicants. 14sep3t

MARRIED.

On 5th, at Shafer's hotel, Aaronsburg, by Bev. J. Tomlinson, Mr. D. K. Billmeyer, of Milton, Pa., to Miss R. A. Eisenhuth, of Coburn, Centre county.

On 5th, at Luth. parsonage, Aaronsburg, by same, Mr. Ch. H. Stover, of Aaronsburg, to Miss Sarah E. Deininger, of Millheim.

On 9th instant, by J. C. Boal, Esq., A. M. Price, of Mill Creek, Huntingdon Co., to Miss Susan Parker, of Potter twp., Centre Co.

DIED.

At Spring Mills, Sept. 11, Rose Evelyn, daughter of A. W. and R. C. Bartholmew, aged 5 months and 26 days.

On 23rd ult., Maud McEven, daughter of Ezra Smith, of Penn Hall, aged 1 year, 3 months and 8 days.

"Sweet is the thought, the promise sweet,
That friends, long severed friends, shall meet;
That kindred souls, on earth disjoin'd
Shall meet from earthly dross refin'd,
Their mortal cares and sorrows o'er,
And mingle hearts to part no more."

NOTICE.

The citizens of Centre county please take notice that a Convention will be held in Centre Hall, in the ——, to convene at 2 o'clock p. m., on Monday, Sept. 25th, 1882, for the purpose of placing in nomination one candidate for the Legislature, to be voted for at the coming fall election.

THOS. J. TAYLOR,
Chairman Exec. Com. Prohibition party Centre county.

ESTRAY—A large roan heifer, almost white, will weigh about 300 pounds, came to the premises of the undersigned, about middle of August. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same. JOHN D. DECKER,
14sep3t Potter Twp.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE. The undersigned will expose for sale, at public auction on the premises, on Saturday, October 14th, 1882, at 2 o'clock p. m: The farm and tract of land known as the "BARNET WAGNER FARM," situated one-half mile east of Centre Hill, Potter twp., Centre county, Pa., containing 311 9-10 acres, of which 214 acres are cleared and in a good state of cultivation, the ballance is well timbered with hemlock, pine, oak. A valuable mine of IRON ORE has been opened on same premises by the Penns Valley Mining Co. They have leased ten acres of said premises, which is reserved—the land adjoining shows strong indications of being equally rich in mineral. Sinking Creek runs through said farm besides five springs of hard and soft water are to be found near the buildings. The buildings erected on said farm consist of two dwelling houses, barn, sheds and cribs. Also a fine orchard of choice fruit on the premises.

Terms.—One third cash, ballance in two equal annual payments, with interest. Deferred payments to be secured by mortgage. JOHN B. WAGNER,
MICHAEL GOHAM,
Executors of Barnet Wagner, dec'd.

The sheriff of Berks county went to Womelsdorf, Monday evening, and served a capias on the Rev. Alexander S. Keiser, pastor of the German Reformed church at Pottsville. The suit was brought against him at Reading by Miss Elizabeth K. Miller, of Topton, Berks county, to recover $5,000 for a breach of promise of marriage. She alleges in her affidavit that while he courted her he wrote over four hundred letters and promised to marry her after he was ordained as a minister. A babe was born to them, which he named. That after he was ordained he married another lady, and stated from the pulpit that he had never contracted to marry her, and was not the father of the child. He was held in $1,000 bail for his appearance at court in Berks county.

Another Williamsport young lady got tired of her life a few days ago and tried the laudanum cure. An emetic was administered before the poison had done its work. This is the fourth case of the kind that has occurred in that city within two months.

Arabi Pacha's forces reconnoitred the British advanced posts at Kassassin and were driven back with loss. The British captured four guns. General Wolsey has removed his permanent camp to Kassassin.

STRONG FACTS!

A great many people are asking what particular troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is mainly because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and I am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all.
I cannot say too much in praise of it. MRS. MARY E. BRANNIGAN, 173 Frestman st.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1881.
Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could get no relief, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to rest at all. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results.
J. D. TATE MONTAGUE.

Heart Disease.

Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Dec. 1, 1881.
After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief.
Mrs. JESSIE HESS.

For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is invaluable. Try it.

Be sure and get the Genuine.

T. DESHNER, Gunsmith,

43 High St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Has now on hand: Winchester rifles, B. L. Double guns, Shot, and Rifle and Shot, Single Breech loading guns from $5 to $14. Revolvers from 1 to 11 dollars. Muzzle loading guns very cheap. I sell no breech loading "seconds."

Guns made and repaired.
Shot-gun cartridges loaded to order.
Ammunition wholesale and retail.
☞ Sportsmen are respectfully invited to examine my stock. 25aug3m

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE RICH NEW BOOK.
Treasury of Song

For the home circle. A rich volume of 320 best gems chosen from the whole realm of Music. Usual cost $2!! Here, only $1.50. No book like it. No competition. Sale is immense. Eminent citizens say: "A treasury of pleasure for every home." O. D. Tiffany, D. D.: "A perfect marvel of excellence and cheapness." G. A. Peltz, D. D.: "Full of gems by the gems." F. L. Robbinson, D. D.: "I like it." W. H. Doane, Mus. Doc.: "It meets a real household want." A. J. Gordon, D. D.: "Its contents will bring genial sunshine to the home." Prof. W. F. Sherwin: "I have examined this sumptuous volume with great delight." J. H. Vincent, D. D.: "It should be in every household in the land." Prof. O. C. Case: "Three million homes want it, hence it is a grand chance to coin money. Sample pages, &c., free. Address HUBBARD BROS., Philadelphia, Pa. 7sep4t

READ, MARK AND LEARN—That a fine enclosed Picnic Ground with every convenience such as Swings, Croquet ground, Quoits, Pavilion, and a fine spring of pure water, plenty of shade. Music and lunch got up at moderate rates. Carriages and tickets to the cave. Societies, Clubs, Lodges, and all respectable parties for further information address
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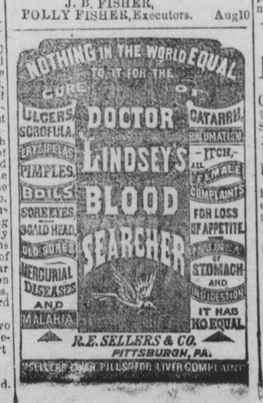
13jul3m Spring Mills House.
Spring Mills, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Sarah Lee, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. J. T. Lee,
3laug6t H. D. Lee,
Admr's

EXECUTORS SALE.—There will be exposed to Public Sale on the premises, two miles north of Spring Mills Station, on the Lewisburg and Tyrone R R, on
Saturday, September 9, 1882.
The following valuable Real Estate of Adam Fisher, Dec'd, known as the Farmers Mills property, consisting of a MERCHANT AND CUSTOM FLOURING MILL, in complete running order with the capacity to 4 run of Burrs, having Turbine Water Wheels located on Penn's Creek, a never failing stream, also, thereon a GOOD SAW MILL on the same stream, LARGE DWELLING House with a complete STORE ROOM. An excellent well near the house, of never failing water, GOOD BANK BARN and other out-buildings Also, about 40 acres of land part of which is well timbered with white pine, oak, hemlock, bounded by the lands of Jno. P. Ross' heirs, Jno. Bartges heirs, Robert J. Smith, Geo. Krape and others. Orchard with choice fruit, two tenant houses, garden and Stables,
Sale to commence at one o'clock P. M. of said day when terms will be made known by,
J. B. FISHER,
POLLY FISHER, Executors. Aug10



— DINGES'! —

PLAIN TALK!

TO EVERY BODY.

—||o||—

READ THIS!!

—o—

I will keep up a FULL LINE OF GOODS, right along.

DO NOT FORGET THIS!

I especially call attention to MY STOCK of GROCERIES as being the Equal if not Superior to any in the Valley.

☞ I Guarantee Bargains—I mean that I will sell low, and only ask that people come and satisfy themselves of this from the prices asked.

WILL GIVE AWAY $1000! this year to cash customers, by a Systemof Checks. Each customer taking a $20 check sums purchased will be punched and when amount is full $1 will be thrown off the $20, besides having your goods lower than sold elsewhere

New Departure.

Believing it to be the best for both merchant and customer that all dealings should be in cash, and following the example of most prominent and successful dealers, I have determined to do away with the credit system after the 17 of July, 1882. After this date the books will be closed and I will sell only

-FOR=CASH-

or its equivalent.

Thankful to my customers for their past patronage, I hope to meet them in the future at my old stand, where I am confident I can sell much CHEAPER THAN BEFORE, and LOWER than elsewhere. Have determined to give my customers the benefit of the new system.

PRODUCE will be taken in exchange for goods at highest market price. Respectfully,

I. J. Grenoble,
13jul y Spring Mills, Pa.

Burchfield's New Grocery.

NEW CENTRE COUNTY BANK BUILDING.

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!

THE New Store in the Centre County Bank Building, High st., Bellefonte Penn'a,

IS NOW OPEN
—AND—
STOCK FULL.

The goods on sale are the best the market affords, and sold at prices to suit all customers.

GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY,
GLASS WARE,
CANNED FRUITS,
AND EVERY THING USUALLY KEPT IN A FIRST CLASS STORE.
Remember the Store is a new one opened on
Monday, May 1,
AND ALL GOODS CONSEQUENTLY NEW AND FRESH.

The patronage of all desiring fair treatment is solicited.

☞ For quotations call and you will be convinced that a revolution has been effected in prices of all goods offered for sale.
jun29 W. E. BURCHFIELD.

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled, repainted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers. I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as neat full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential. J. D. MURRAY,
jun22tf Centre Hall.

WM. A. SANDO
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Shop oncorner of Church and Main st. Is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, on short notice, and good fits guaranteed, according to the latest styles. A large lot of samples always on hand. Workmen of long experienced in his employ. 1nov y

J. W. CORNELIUS,
Photographer, 316 Market Street, LEWISBURG, Pa.
The best work at moderate prices. All work pertaining to photography finely executed. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention, but must be accompanied with the cash. jul13

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.
Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
☞ Free Buss to and from all trains.
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8junt f

BUTT'S HOUSE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
FRANK X. LEHAM, Proprietor.
Best brands of Liquors and Cigars on hand. Good accommodations for Travelers and Commercial Men. Also Beer boarder. Terms reasonable. 29juntf

PENNSVALLEY BANKING CO.
CENTRE HALL, PA.
RECEIVE DEPOSITS and allow Interest: Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.
WM. WOLF, Pres't WM. B. MINGLE Cashier

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE REPORTER OFFICE

Reading, September 7.—Mrs. Elizabeth Guckert, aged forty years, was bitten in the arm ten weeks ago by a black dog in the yard at her residence, three miles from this city. The wound healed and yesterday morning she came to this city on a visit to some friends, when she became mad, refused to eat or drink and has been raving almost constantly. Hundreds of persons have called at the house to see her. Several physicians are in attendance who state that her death may occur at any moment. The slightest noise and the slightest touch of any article against her body throws her into terrible convulsions. She foams at the mouth and whines and snaps similar to a dog.

London, Sept. 8.—Advices from Egypt state that the British troops are suffering to an alarming extent from the heat, which is insupportable. Several officers have been rendered insensible, and fainted on the stand. Cases of dysentery are numerous, and the medical staff is taxed to the utmost.

A small party of Arabs attempted to scale the ramparts of Alexandria. Their object, it is believed was incendiarism.

Judge Stiness in his decision at Providence denied Trustee Chafee possession of Canonchet, and left the abstract question to title to be decided by a jury. Ex-Senator Sprague remains in possession.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 12.—Flour, Minnesota extra $6.75, Penn'a extra 5@5.25. Wheat 1.08, corn 75, oats 45.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat, $1.00, No. 2, .90; No. 3 .75
Rye 80c
Corn, shelled and ears, per bu. 80
Corn, shelled, 90c.
Oats, 40c.
Bu

The Parting.

'Not 'Farewell !" Oh, speak it never !
Time and distance in it find
Limit never—flying ever—
Leaving darkened hope behind.
Soon you quiet vessel's motion,
Soon shall yonder rolling ocean,
Throw my spirit o'er the past
Closing now between us fast.

Bid me, then, if aught be spoken,
Bid me cheerily, "Good-night;"
So that, waking, aye unbroken
Memory link it with the light.
Thus shall every morning cheer me,
Bring thine image ever near me,
With that word that seems to say,
"Part we only for a day."

Yet I know not why I ask thee
Now to play a hollow part;
No, I will not, will not task thee
Thus to vail an aching heart.
Truth and thou were never parted;
Part not now, though, broken-hearted,
Truth thy faltering tongue compel
Bitterly to say, "Farewell !"

Speak it, then, nor stay the sadness
Brimming now within thine eyes;
Weep, oh weep—nor think it madness
Thus thy burning tear to prize.
Man to woe was ever plighted;
Then be mine with thine united.
Oh, 'twere bliss, to him unknown,
Mourning for himself alone.

—*Washington Allston.*

Bread Cast Upon the Waters.

After threescore years and ten spent in accumulating fame and fortune Colonel Vining had lived ten more to see his fame a thing of the past and his fortune take to itself wings and fly away. Ten years too long, said the worldly-wise ; but not so thought the great reaper, for he often leaves his fruit to be mellowed by the early frosts, and in those ten years the ambitious man became even as a little child. Of the vast landed estates once his, only enough was left to defray the expenses of his burial. The friends who had gathered around him in his day of power had all gone before him to the spirit land. The grass grew green over the graves of two noble sons and three lovely daughters, and the sole scion of his race was Edward Vining Coulac, the son of his best beloved daughter Margaret. With her wit and beauty she had been the pride of his heart ; but in an evil hour she had met Henri Coulac, an unprincipled adventurer, and in spite of the warning of friends and the prayers of her father she trusted her fate to his keeping. Ere the honeymoon had waned the man she had sworn to honor had earned her bitterest contempt; and after squandering her property and humbling her pride, he deserted her when her situation would have excited the sympathy even of a stranger. A few months after her return to her old home a wailing infant was placed in her arms; she scanned his features eagerly, then with a murmured "Thank God, he is all mine," placed him in her father's arms and found for herself the rest of the broken-hearted.

Deprived of father's and mother's love, in the midst of poverty and sorrow, the boy yet throve like the magnolia of his own southern swamps, which hides with beauty and fragrance the deadly miasmas of its birthplace. His ambitious spirit and buoyant temper cheered the last days of his grandfather; when the trembling hand was laid upon his head in dying benediction he felt that he was indeed blessed, though he turned from the grave a wanderer; for the ancestral home was sold by eager creditors ere the days of mourning were at an end. Kith or kin there was none in the world to whom he could turn, and as he sat in the office brooding over his lonely condition his sad face touched the heart of Major Legere.

"Vining," said he, "life in this sleepy town of ours is rather a dull thing for a young fellow like you. How would you like to get away and see something of the world ?"

"Like it," said Vining, in a tone meant to be cheerful, "why don't you ask me how I would like to go to heaven ?"

"I don't wish you so well away as that, but if you can content yourself with a shorter journey I will help you on the way. I have business in New York which requires personal attention for the coming year, and there is no one to whom I can so confidently intrust it as to you. Will you go ?"

"I should like to go—if"—and Vining's glance rested sadly upon his rusty clothes.

"Then the matter is settled, and I expect you to leave here the first of next week. Here is money to defray your present expenses, and I will give you a letter of credit to my banker. Take it," he continued, noticing the doubting curve of the sensitive lips, "it's a small part of what I shall owe you for transacting this business. Had your grandfather been a man to boast of his good deeds you would feel it was your due, for he made a man of me. So count on one friend as long as Bob Legere lives." The lawyer's rugged face softened at the recollection of the old days when he had cherished a hopeless passion for the beautiful Margaret Vining.

At the appointed time the young man, with a hearty "God bless you" from Bob Legere, was speeding northward. New York, with its Babel of tongues, its rush and roar of human life, its squalid poverty and glittering splendor was a revelation to Vining, accustomed as he had been to the decaying gentility of a southern town, with its horror of modern ideas and its devotion to the traditions of a dead past.

At an early day Vining presented himself at the banker's, Mr. McEachin's, and was admitted into his private office. The low-ceiled room, with the flight straggling faintly through cobwebbed windows, the dying coals in the grate emitting a feeble glare, and the opened letters scattered around on dusty desks, formed a fitting frame for the central figure, a small, spare man with iron gray hair; erect as porcupine quills, a face like a withered crab apple, and keen blue eyes, in which twinkled a gleam of humor, as he caught the critical glance taking in the appointments of the room. A puzzled expression deepened the wrinkles in his forehead, as he looked from the card in his hand to the face of his visitor.

"E. V. Coulac," repeated he, as if t himself. "Excuse my curiosity, sir but your face is strangely familiar, though I am sure I have never heard your name before. What is it in full ?"

"Edward Vining Coulac."

"Any relation to Colonel Vining, of Bel Air ?"

"He was my grandfather, sir," said the young man, drawing himself up proudly.

The banker grasped his hand eagerly, exclaiming, with a tremor in his voice : "Mr. Coulac, for his sake you are welcome. There is no human being that was near to him but what has a claim on John McEachin."

Then in a brisker tone than usual, as if ashamed of the emotion into which he had been betrayed, he resumed the conversation on business topics ; yet his gaze lingered almost fondly upon the bright face turned to him, and as Vining rose to go he said: "Mr. Coulac, to-morrow is an anniversary with me, and if you will dine with my family and a few guests I will explain to you why the sound of your grandfather's name after a lapse of forty years sets my heart beating like a schoolboy's at the mention of his first sweetheart."

The invitation was courteously accepted and the morrow saw Vining in the banker's parlors. Mr. McEachin received him cordially, and presenting him to his daughter Flora, said: "Mr. Coulac has special claims on our hospitality which you will gladly acknowledge after the story I tell you to-day." A soft hand was extended in friendly greeting, and a pair of merry blue eyes shot coquettish glances of welcome from under brown fringed lids. He was beguiled into such forgetfulness of time and place that when, at the close of dinner he was roused by Mr. McEachin's voice, he felt like one waked from a dream.

"Mr. Coulac, I have long promised my family a story of your land forty years ago, and if you will not think me rude I will tell it in your presence."

"You can say nothing, sir, to make me love my country less, as I believe you would say nothing to wound the feelings of your guest."

The banker nodded with an amused smile as if to say, "We'll see about that," and proceeded:

"It is now some forty odd years since a peddler could be seen plodding his way through one of those prairies whose rich land has given the name of 'the black belt' to many counties in the southern part of Alabama. Not that the appearance of these travelers was an unusual occurrence, for it was in the good old days when the planter ruled his domains like a feudal lord, and extended the hospitality of his home to the passing stranger, and the peddler with his pack served to while away the leisure hours of the ladies of the mansion, and to vary the monotony of the plantation life for the dusky Dinahs of the quarter. This particular tourist carried all his worldly gear in his pack, but he was rich in youth, in health and in Yankee pluck. As he trudged along under the October sun he whistled as joyously as the mocking birds in the magnolia groves near the great house he was approaching. It was near the hour of noon, and as he was near the quarter he thought he would rest there, and perhaps secure some savory additions to his scanty lunch. As he opened the gate a towheaded urchin called out : 'If you uns comes in hyar I'll sic my yaller purp on you.' Just then a woman, whose shining black face and portly figure could belong to none other than the cook, sallied round the house carrying a rough, unpolished horn. Upon this she blew a blast so loud and long that the traveler fancied the walls of another Jericho were to tumble at its hoarse summons. Seeing the stranger at the gate, her native hospitality prompted her to accost him, whereupon the boy again called out: 'You ole Chloe, if you don't make that 'ar beggar go away from thar I'll tell my par.' Now the recollection of sundry dimes, tied up in an old stocking leg in her 'chist,' made her very sensible of the duties the community owed to this class of pilgrims, so setting her arms akimbo and muttering, 'You shut up your gab, you poor sand-digger,' she proceeded to arrange with the peddler for his noonday repast. The overseer rode by and regarded them with a scowl, which in no wise interfered with Chloe's good humor, for she repaid him with supreme contempt. With a keen eye to her own interest she had not failed to consider the good of her fellows, and had arranged for an exhibition of the peddler's wares while the overseer enjoyed his evening siesta. So a merry group gathered in front of Aunt Chloe's cabin at the appointed hour, and a brisk barter was being carried on with much lively chatter when they were interrupted by the gruff voice of the overseer : 'Git out of here, you rascally peddler, with your worthless traps. These chaps heads are so full of your nonsense that they are no manner of account.' Then turning to Chloe: 'You black wench, you, when my family orders you to do anything you'd better do it.'

"She bounced into her cabin, her frame quivering with indignation as she replied: 'Mas'r didn't send me here to be ordered round by the likes of that tow-headed Billy.' Meanwhile, the peddler was leisurely packing his wares, when the overseer, his wrath increased by Chloe's impudence, ordered him to 'trot up.'

"'I walked on to your land and I'll walk off, and nothing you can say or do will make me trot,' was the cool reply.

"'I'll make two of these chaps take you down and beat the life out of you, you impudent rascal,' said the overseer, in a voice choked with passion.

"'You'll have one negro the less, then, for while they are doing it I shall certainly kill one of them,' replied the peddler, straightening up and taking a calm survey of the brawny Samsons around him.

"'Cyrus! Major! tie that Yankee sneak down and give him fifty,' came the order.

"The negroes slunk back, affecting more fear than they really felt, for they rejoiced in the opportunity of paying off old scores against their brutal tyrant. 'I das'ent to touch that white man,' said Cyrus, trembling, 'fur he'll kill me shore.'

"'I'll show you how to come here teaching these black apes sass,' said the overseer, almost beside himself with rage and seizing the peddler ; whereupon ensued a scuffle in which his brute strength was no match for the youthful agility of his rival, and he soon cried lustily for quarter. The peddler, seemingly well satisfied, released his hold, and with a friendly nod to the negroes went on his way. He had reached town in the afternoon and was exhibiting his wares when he was roughly seized and a sheriff's warrant thrust into his hands. He was arrested upon the grave charges of inflicting the slaves to resist lawful authority and a murderous assault upon the person of their overseer. In the midst of strangers, and almost penniless, he was thrust into jail to await his trial before the ensuing court. Rumors of his dangerous character and incendiary mission floated like thistle-down upon the wings of every wind ; for it was at an era when the seeds of sectional distrust, destined like the teeth of the fabled dragon to spring up armed warriors, were being sown broadcast.

"A few days before the trial he sat in his cell thinking sadly of his far off home and his widowed mother, when he was roused from his reverie by the grating of the rusty bolt of his door, which swung open and admitted the jailer. He was followed by a man in the prime of intellectual and physical vigor. Aristocrat was stamped upon every line of his finely chiseled face, and he carried himself proudly as one born to rule. 'Colonel Vining,' said the jailer, 'has come to see what he can do for you.' A sudden hope sprang up in the heart of the prisoner as he looked into the calm dark eyes and noted the confident bearing of his visitor. They were left alone, and after a conference that lasted far into the night they parted with a fervent, 'God bless you, sir,' from the peddler. 'If my life is spared," said he, 'I will repay your kindness.'

"'Understand, young man, I don't espouse your cause for the sake of a fee. I have just heard that none of these pettifoggers would defend you, and it shall never be said while Edward Vining lives that a helpless stranger could find no advocate in the courts of Alabama. It's not the first time by many that I have done what they don't dare to do.'

"The day for the trial rolled round and public excitement was at fever heat. 'I reckon Vining will hardly get a jury to his liking from this crowd,' said a lawyer, looking over the sea of surging angry faces. 'I don't know; I've never seen him fail to bend them yet,' was the reply; 'but if he succeeds here, I think there'll be an appeal to Judge Lynch before yonder sun goes down.' The jury was impaneled, and the witnesses examined. The whole weight of evidence bore heavily against the prisoner, for the overseer and his family were the only witnesses whose testimony could be received. The prosecuting attorney summed up the evidence, then painted him as a midnight assassin sharing the hospitality of the simple planter and stealing from his fireside under cover of darkness to array his slaves against him. A hush like that of the grave, broken only by the labored breathing of angry men, fell upon the room as he took his seat. This ominous silence was broken by a low murmur like the sweep of the distant tornado as Colonel Vining rose and began to speak. Soon the low, flute-like voice stilled the rising tempest, and the audience with impassive faces settled themselves to listen.

"'He's got 'em dead now,' whispered the lawyer. 'Nobody ever listens to him without going his way.' He too summed up the evidence, and with such clearness did he present it as a tissue of falsehood that men hung their heads for having accepted it. With withering sarcasm he tore into shreds the character of the plaintiff, his petty dishonesties, his known intemperance and his unvarying cruelty. Then the silence became more intense, and men leaned eagerly forward, as with a touch of pathos in the silvery voice he recounted the leading facts in the prisoner's life. How a mere boy, he had left his New England hills to earn a living for a widowed mother, who even then was watching for his return, little thinking that her boy was in jeopardy; attracted to Alabama by reports of her warm-hearted, open-handed children he had learned to love them for their kindness to the wandering stranger. Then in glowing words, each one 'as a nail driven into a sure place,' he appealed to them by the memory of their own struggling youth to show mercy to the boy. One face softened, then another, and another, till under the spell of his matchless eloquence many a heard-featured, grizzly-bearded man saw himself once more in the young prisoner. Then a hand would steal quietly up to brush away a tear from a furrowed cheek, and even the keen gray eyes of the judge were dimmed by a suspicious moisture

"When Colonel Vining sat down such a storm of applause shook the house as had rarely waked the echoes of that sleepy burgh. When the jury brought in the verdict, 'Not guilty,' he led his client through the crowded room, entered his carriage and drove home. There they sat down to a bountiful repast, after which Colonel Vining ordered his buggy, and pointing to it said : "There, my young friend, is your chance for safety. Jerry will drive you to the next town and here is $20 to help you out of the State. Your baggage is all in there. These people are brave and generous, but like a lot of dry wood, only needing a spark to set them in a blaze, and your enemy is an unscrupulous rascal ready to furnish all the tinder they may need. Let me hear from you as soon as you reach a place of safety, for I had a hard pull for your life to-day."

"'God bless you, sir; if He spares me I shall surely repay you for this day's work,' said the peddler.

"'Ten thousand dollars wouldn't have tempted me to do what I have done for you to-day, so don't worry about the debt ; but while Edward Vining lives it shall never be said that a stranger was hounded to death in Alabama and not a voice raised in his defense. But go now, for time hastens and my work must not be undone.'

"'May John McEachin's right hand forget its cunning, if he ever fails to remember this day,' said the peddler, as looking his last upon the face of his preserver he rode away.

"You see, Mr. Coulac, you needed no letter of credit to my house; your name is a passport to my home and heart. Let us rise now and drink to the memory of Colonel Edward Vining, the bravest man I have ever known."

Reverently the guests rose and responded to the toast. This tribute to the nobility of his grandfather gave an added luster to Vining's dark eyes and a prouder grace to his lithe figure. Little wonder that Flora McEachin saw in him the hero of her girlish fancy; and as the days lapsed into weeks and the weeks into months, together they conned the old, old story. With Mr. McEachin's assistance Vining established himself in his profession and rapidly won friends and position. When another Christmas tide rolled round the marriage bells of Vining Coulac and Flora McEachin bore their part of the burden of peace on earth and good will to men.—*Springfield Republican.*

Wealth of the United States.

The wealth of the United States has multiplied twelvefold during the past forty years, and if it were equally distributed among the inhabitants each would have nine hundred and ninety dollars. In the same time the wealth of the United Kingdom has only doubled, and from being five times greater than that of this country, it is now smaller by six millions of dollars.

While the influx of emigrants has increased the aggregate, the rapid rise of population has kept down the ratio of wealth for each inhabitant.

There is $5,205,000,000 invested in railways or one hundred and four dollars for each person, and if the agricultural interests of the country were divided each person would raise fifty-two bushels of grain a year; the value of all his crops would be forty dollars, and his share of the cattle would be thirty-six. Every day of the year, excepting Sundays, the increase of public wealth in railways is one million dollars.

Manufacturers have increased fivefold in value since 1850, and the most remarkable increase during the past ten years has been the production of iron and cotton, the former having risen from 1,580,000 to 4,160,000 tons, and the consumption of raw fiber used in cotton having increased from 530,000 to 911,000,000 pounds.

Shipping has of course fallen off, and while there were seventeen tons for each inhabitant in 1860, there are now only nine tons. There has, nevertheless, been a steady increase of trade, the value of imports and exports having doubled since 1860 and multiplied ten-fold since 1830. The capital value of the commerce of the country, distributed equally among all the inhabitant, would be for 1880 thirty dollars. —*Youth's Companion.*

They Are Strangers Now.

A Middletown young lady never tires of relating an amusing occurrence of the sleighing season last winter. She was enjoying a ride with two Hartford gentlemen, and she was driving. One of the gentlemen slyly inserted a hand in her muff and lovingly pressed her disengaged hand. She blushed, and withdrew it just as the gentleman on the other side slipped his hand in the muff. She knew by the action of her adorers that the hand pressures were frequent and loving within the silk lining of the muff, for first one face and then the other would bob forward to catch a look at the sweet face and eyes which prompted, as they supposed, the tender pressure of the hand. The by-play lasted until the young lady quietly remarked: "If you gentlemen are through with my muff I will trouble you for it now, as my hands are getting cold." And the two gentlemen who had been comfortably warm up to this time, suddenly felt an Arctic chill creeping up their spinal columns, and the mercury of their feelings dropped to 180 degrees below zero. The two gentlemen are strangers now.—*Hartford Times.*

The Dentist.

The modern dentist is not like the dentist of long ago. The old-time dentist did not repair teeth; he simply uprooted those that were decayed. It is only of late years that the dentist has occupied a recognized position in the departments of minor surgery. Some dexterity and considerable muscular strength were the chief qualifications of the dentists of our childhood. When a patient called on one of them the dentist would put his finger in the patient's mouth, and after feeling around among the stumps, and shaking them one after another until a howl from the patient demonstrated that he had hold of the right one, he would say, laconically: "It's got to come out." Then he would go for his instruments. These mechanical appliances were of a very primitive character. They consisted of several pairs of things like bullet molds; those of the largest size he used on adults and the small ones on children. While he was engaged filing the rust off his instruments the sufferer had time to note the contents of the room. On a shelf was a rope, with which nervous patients were tied in the operating chair; on another chair a basin, and a pitcher with a broken handle, containing water, presumably for the purpose of washing away such gory evidences of butchery as the operation might leave; on a broken-legged desk, propped up with a brick, was a skull with a cracked jawbone, which was too suggestive to be pleasant or soothing; in the window-sill the dentist's library, consisting of a copy of Well's Pathology of the Teeth, and a portion of a volume of Moore's melodies; in front of the operating chair, hanging on the wall, was a steel engraving representing Napoleon on the Island of St. Helena. The picture was evidently put there with a view of distracting the patient's attention from thoughts of the agony in store for him. While he was wondering if Napoleon ever had toothache, and if he ever burned the inside of his mouth with creosote and oil of cloves in his efforts to deaden the pain; and while he was wishing that he could change places with Napoleon for a day or two, the dentist grasped him by the hair, threw his head back, inserted the can opener in his mouth, and began groping around for the bad tooth. When he found it, his usual plan was to crush it into pieces and dig out the fragments one at a time. During the operation the sufferer groaned and moaned and yearned for death. When the dentist got his grappling irons around the root of a double tooth, and braced himself up with his foot against the wall for a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together, the patient thought that the end of all things was at hand, that an explosion had occurred in the cellar, and that the heavens were rolling themselves up as a scroll, while the top of his head was being broken off, and his vertebra was being jammed down into his legs. When he was calmed with a glass of water he found that the alarming sensations he had experienced were caused, as the dentist put it, by "the extraction of the molar from the alveolar cavity."

The modern dentist is a different kind of an aggravated outrage. He has a college diploma that he keeps hanging on the wall in a tin case. He usually has a nicely-furnished operating-room, where he has an elaborate chair, working on pivots and hinges, that he places the patient in when he is pulling his tooth, and another to be used when the tooth is to be filled. He has hundreds of instruments—diminutive augers and gouges and scrapers, and one vile thing that seems to make about seven hundred revolutions a minute, and with which he bores into the nerve of your tooth until you feel as if your immortal soul was being tampered with. But the modern dentist seldom pulls a tooth. He prefers to fill it with some gutta percha sort of composition, or with gold. You see the filling will, in the course of time, come out, and then he gets another job putting it in again, whereas when he pulls out a tooth it ends it ; the owner of the tooth seldom cares to have it decorated or to squander bullion on it after it is out. He usually carries it in his vest pocket for two or three days, and then throws it into some vacant lot. When a man has an aching tooth that tries to push itself into prominence, that seems to swell up and get in the way of everything he eats, and to take more of his thought and attention than he can spare, he can go to the modern dentist, who will fill him up with gas until he imagines that he is a balloon, soaring up almost as high as the dentist's charge for the operation, and when he comes to earth again the tooth will be gone and there will be a vacant place in his jaw that will seem to him to be about the size of a town lot. The painless dentistry of to-day is less exciting than the painful dentistry of the past ; but it is otherwise an improvement on the old style.—*Texas Siftings.*

A White Ruler in Africa.

John Dunn, one of the thirteen kinglets among whom, by Sir Garnet Wolseley's agency, Zululand was divided, differs from his twelve brethren not only in being a pure blood European while they are stark savages, but also in reserving to himself in an especial way privileges of cutting timbers with the right to mine and seek for minerals, divert streams, cultivate unplowed lands, advance or retard trade, in such and so complete a way that he has, as it were, the right of ingress, egress and regress everywhere that his authority extends. His country, next to the Tugela, and bordered to a great extent by the sea, has within it one landing place, Port Durnford, where, it may be remembered, a noteworthy failure to secure a safe embarkation delayed the operations of Sir Garnet Wolseley in the winter of 1879. Dunn has imposed, after the Natal fashion, a hut tax on his people, amounting to five shillings per hut, payable in cash, every penny of which he keeps himself for his own purposes. Dunn is a Kaffir chief with European skill to raise a revenue for himself. He taxes all wagons going into his country to the amount of twenty-five dollars, and he has the right and power to lay an embargo on all trade at will. He is a clever, observant, brave man, who means to make money fairly and rule reasonably if he can; but he takes thought to himself, for he is "wise in his generation," and has no guarantee for the permanency of his office, one created by whim and of most uncertain tenure.

Woolen Machinery.

The statistician makes known on the authority of good judges that a woolen mill requires thorough renewal every double decade. There are altogether 9,000 sets of woolen machinery in the country. The number worn out and replaced every year is estimated at 450 sets. This includes 1,300 or more cards and spinning mules, with 10,000 to 15,000 looms. The price of mules varies from $750 to $900, according to the number of spindles. To replace the mules worn out every year the sum of nearly $1,250,000 is expended. The average durability of the machinery of a mill is about twenty years. The durability of different pieces of machinery varies. A set of cards used carefully may last half a century. The clothing on them may be renewed every five years. Looms are long lived. They may continue in use fifty years, but generally twenty years' service is about as much as they can render. The mules' average time of durability is fifteen years. A set of cards comprises generally from three to four separate carding machines. In manufacturing different styles of woolens there are thirty-five or forty different processes, and nearly every process calls into use a different kind of machine.

HEALTH HINTS.

Drinks for the Sick.

To make apple water cut the apples in small pieces and pour on boiling water. Strain in three hours and sweeten.

Toast water—Toast stale bread until very brown, pour over it boiling water; let it stand for an hour, then strain and put in a piece of ice before drinking.

Milk porridge—Make a thin batter of flour and milk, or corn starch and milk; stir into boiling milk, with a little salt; let it boil a few minutes, stirring constantly.

For those troubled with the gout, beat two ounces of almonds with a teaspoonful of rose water and then pour on one quart of milk and water and sweeten to taste.

For those who are weak and have a cough beat a fresh-laid egg and mix with it one gill of new milk and a tablespoonful each of rose water and orange water and a little nutmeg.

For a cough make flaxseed tea as follows: One-half pound each of flaxseed and rock candy, three lemons pared and sliced; pour over this two quarts of boiling water; when cold, strain.

Beef tea—Cut raw beef into small pieces; to a half pound of meat pour on a pint of cold water, set on the stove and let it simmer until all the juice is extracted from the meat. When wanted for use skim and let it boil just two minutes.

To make panada, soak stale bread in cold water for an hour; mash and place on the fire, with a little salt, butter and sugar; cook slowly an hour, and when ready to serve add the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and two tablespoonfuls of milk.

Barley water is a nutritious drink, and is one of the best known for invalids. Take one ounce of barley, half an ounce of sugar, the rind of a lemon and pour on one quart of water. After it has stood eight hours pour off the liquid and add the juice of a lemon.

Insanity.

Dr. A. E. Macdonald, superintendent of the asylum for the insane, situated on one of the islands adjacent to New York city, in a lecture on insanity, said:

Many learned men have been endeavoring for a long time to settle just what insanity is, and it is not too much to say that they have not yet succeeded. But if I cannot tell you just what insanity is I can tell you one or two things that it is not.

Insanity is not a disease of the mind. The poet speaks of the "mind diseased," but the physician does not. The mind is no more subject to disease than is the soul to death. The disease is in the brain, as purely physical in its location and characteristics as disease of any other organ, and if the mind shows its presence and effects it is only because mind is the product of brain action, and an unhealthy organ must always give rise to disturbed action.

Insanity is so diverse in its degrees and phases that it is hard to draw the line and say just where soundness of mind ends and unsoundness begins. In fact, it is a good deal a matter of majorities. We who call ourselves sane happen to be in the majority just now, and we have set up our standard and looked up a number of people who fail to meet it. Their number is increasing all the time, and by-and-bye, if it keeps on, they will be in the majority, and then they will turn around and look us up.

Between the men manifestly of sound intellect and those confessedly insane, there are arrayed rank upon rank of those in whom a defect, greater or less, is seen. In some there is unmistakably insanity, in others eccentricity as we call it; in others again depravity. Many men of mark have been found in these ranks. Some have occupied thrones, like Charles IX. of France, George III. of England and Frederick II. of Prussia, and have impressed upon the policy of nations the stamp of their disease; others, like Mohammed and Swedenborg, have colored with the delusions of insanity the tenets of religious sects; and especially from among men of letters have these ranks been largely recruited. Johnson, Swift, Pope, Gray and Wordsworth; Byron and Shelley; Cowper, Southey and Charles Lamb—in all there was either marked insanity or a close and undeniable approach to it.

The one great predisposing cause is the inheritance of a tendency toward insanity begotten in some defect in the ancestry, not necessarily itself insanity, but possibly some other nervous disease, and possibly, too, intemperance. The immediate causes may be either moral or physical in their nature. Now we have come to look more for physical causes. Of these intemperance and other vicious indulgences are the most productive.

The simple rules of life which afford the best protection from other diseases should be followed by those who would avoid this, the most terrible of all. The keynote of the whole is the remembrance that insanity is a physical disease, whence it follows that its prevention must come through attention to the general laws of health.

Warm and Hot Springs.

The springs called thermal springs are found in all latitudes, at various elevations above the sea, and in most of the geological formations. The word *thermal* does not, however, denote a spring of any particular degree of temperature, and is far from signifying that the springs to which it is applied are all equally warm; for any spring is thermal, the water of which is warmer than the mean annual temperature of the place where it occurs. In the equatorial regions, where the mean annual temperature is about eighty degrees, a thermal spring should have a temperature of about eighty-five degrees, while in the northern parts of the earth, as, for example, at Yakutsk, in Siberia, where the year's temperature does not exceed thirteen degrees, it need be only a little above that. The waters of thermal springs maintain an equable temperature, and must therefore come out of depths in the earth at which the variations in the temperature of the air exert no influence. According to Boussingault, this depth in the tropics is only a little more than one or two feet, but between forty-eight degrees and fifty-two degrees of north latitude it is between sixty-six and ninety-three feet below the surface. Besides these springs that are called thermal, many springs are found the temperature of which exceeds the highest mean temperature of the year, and are called warm springs. Samples are the spring at Carlsbad, 167 degrees ; that of Wiesbaden, 158 degrees ; those of Baden-Baden, 154 to 111 degrees, etc. The depth from which the waters come may be approximately calculated by the rule that the temperature increases one degree for every ninety feet below the surface. Hence the water of the bubbling spring at Carlsbad is supposed to come from a depth of 7,300 feet.

A third class of springs, the boiling springs, geysers or hot springs, whose temperature is near the boiling point of water, are peculiar in respect to the places where they appear. They are found only in volcanic regions; are numerous in Iceland, where there are more than a hundred of them; on the North island of New Zealand, where they are most abundant, in the neighborhood of the Roto Mahada or Hot lake; and near the Yellowstone lake, the Fire-hole and the Madison rivers, in the region of the Wind River mountains, in the United States, where some 800 of them are grouped within a certain well-defined area.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

EASTERN AND MIDDLE STATES

A MORTGAGE for $160,000,000 was recorded the other day in the office of the recorder of deeds in Philadelphia. It was executed jointly by the Philadelphia and Reading railroad and Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron companies, and covers the entire property of every kind, real and personal, together with all rights, privileges and franchises, including all leasehold interests.

THE Hotel Brunswick, the Pleasant House, Central Hall and another dwelling at Old Orchard Beach, Maine's well-known summer resort, were leveled by the flames. At the Hotel Brunswick the guests escaped in their nightclothes, losing their wardrobes, money and other personal effects.

JAMES (CHIP) SMITH, twenty-four years old, was hanged at New Haven, Conn., for the murder of Chief of Police Hayes during a drunken debauch in Ansonia on December 23, 1880. Smith met his fate without flinching.

COURTNEY defeated Lee in a three-mile boat race at Richfield Springs, N. Y., making the three miles in 19m., 31¼s., the fastest time on record.

GEORGE B. POPE, telegraph operator at East Syracuse, N. Y., married Jessie Hilton, aged sixteen, in the morning. After the wedding he left her and went around town celebrating the event. Instead of going home to his bride, he went to a hotel about midnight, where he was taken ill and died of heart disease the next morning.

A CROWD of ten thousand persons witnessed the funeral of "Chip" Smith, hanged at New Haven, Conn. The funeral procession was a mile and a half long.

LEMUEL W. LIVINGSTON, a colored youth appointed from Florida as a cadet to the West Point Military academy, was found deficient on the preliminary examination and rejected.

DOCTORS A. O. DICKEY and J. S. Marshall, of Lyme, N. H., were both drowned in the lake at Post Mill Village, N. H. They were driving together along the shore in a covered buggy with a pair of horses, when the horses took fright and ran into the water, overturning the carriage.

ABOUT 300 persons who had been on a Sunday excursion up the Hudson had just landed at Elizabethport, N. J., when the barkeepers on board the boat opened fire upon the defenseless crowd of men, women and children with beer glasses and revolvers. One man sitting on the wharf was instantly killed, another was probably fatally wounded, and several other persons were injured by flying missiles. The attack, it is said, was made by the barkeepers in retaliation for an assault committed upon them at a previous excursion.

THERE was a falling off in the vote at the Vermont State election, the Republicans being successful by reduced majorities.

THE American Social Science association has been holding its annual sessions at Saratoga. Various papers by leading scientists were read.

SOUTH AND WEST.

THE Michigan Republican State convention at Kalamazoo nominated a full ticket, headed by David H. Jerome for governor.

TUCSON (Arizona) dispatches give details of numerous outrages committed by Apaches in Sonora, Mexico. A band of Indians raided the Calabassas valley and killed about twenty men, women and children. After committing the murders the Indians fled into Arizona.

THE Southern cotton crop is reported to be late, but good.

THE Kansas Democrats have nominated a full ticket headed by George W. Glick for governor.

CONFEDERATE bonds are again in demand. At Richmond, Va., the brokers have been paying as high as $7.50 per thousand.

NEAR Paris, Ark., a Swiss named Edward Schwerzman, in a fit of insanity, took his children—eighteen months, four and five years old, respectively—to a well in the yard and threw them in. The man then leaped in himself. All four were drowned.

A SAN ANTONIO (Texas) dispatch says that about 120 persons were drowned by the Concho flood, and about 15,000 sheep, cattle and horses were lost.

THE California Republicans have nominated a full ticket headed by M. M. Estee for governor.

AN address issued to the "Latter Day Saints" at Salt Lake City John Taylor and his associates in the "First Presidency" of the Mormon church defy the Federal law for the suppression of polygamy and declare their determination to maintain it "while time exists or eternity endures."

BOB FOAN, the slayer of Jesse James, was arrested in Chicago charged with disorderly conduct and carrying concealed weapons. The Ford boys had been living a fast life in Chicago for the past two weeks, playing in cheap theatres.

NEAR Newport, Ark., two passenger trains came in collision, owing to the misplacement of a switch. John Browning, engineer, of Little Rock, and his fireman were killed.

AT the preliminary examination of the Kewanee bank robbers in that place, J. J. Pratt, the assistant cashier, now under arrest, and E. N. Welch, one of the robbers, made full confessions. Their story was that for many months they, in company with Dr. B. S. Scott, a young dentist, had planned to rob the bank, and had talked over various methods by which the robbery could be accomplished; that while Scott was not present at the robbery he knew it was to be done, and was to receive a part of the proceeds.

THE Arkansas State election resulted in a Democratic victory by increased majorities.

THE Nevada Republicans have nominated Enoch Strother for governor and a full ticket.

THE South Carolina Greenbackers nominated a full State ticket with D. Hendrix McLane for governor at the head.

THE Hon. George A. Reeves, speaker of the Texas house of representatives, died at his home, in Grayson county, from the effects of a dog's bite. He was bitten by a mad dog several weeks ago. At the time he tried to apply a plaster to the wound, but it could not be made to adhere. He did not suffer an actual attack of hydrophobia until a few days before his death, when, finding that he was going mad, he instructed his friends to lash him to his bed to prevent his harming any of them. His agony, his ravings and his frothing became horrible, until at last death ended his indescribable sufferings.

FROM WASHINGTON.

GUITEAU'S skeleton is now at the National Army Medical museum in this city, but will not be exhibited to the public. The final disposition of the bones of the assassin has not yet been determined upon and cannot be until Judge Hagner decides as to the validity of Guiteau's will, in which he bequeathed his body to Dr. Hicks. The experts who were engaged in the microscopical examination of Guiteau's brain have completed their work. It is understood that they already disagree in their conclusion respecting his sanity, and that there will probably be two reports rendered.

By direction of the President the military department of West Point has been discontinued, and hereafter the Military Academy will be under the supervision and charge of the general of the army.

THE secretary of war has received a dispatch from General Pope announcing the arrest by the military of Captain Payne and six of his followers for invasion of the Indian Territory.

THE last debt statement issued shows the decrease of the public debt during the month of August to be $16,128,261.24.

Cash in the treasury	$242,960,518 46
Gold certificates outstanding	4,992,040 00
Silver certificates outstanding	69,440,210 00
Certificates of deposit outstanding	12,000,000 00
Refunding certificates outstanding	442,000 00
Legal tenders outstanding	346,681,016 00
Fractional currency outstanding	7,032,066 77
Cash balance available	141,629,211 22

THE following is a statement of United States currency outstanding on the 1st:

Old demand dotes	$59,595 00
Legal tender notes, all issues	346,681,015 00
One-year notes of 1863	42,975 00
Two-year notes of 1863	12,000 00
Two-year coupon notes of 1863	22,150 00
Compound interest notes	223,560 00
Fractional currency, all issues	15,408,005 10
Total	$362,449,301 10

DURING August the United States mints coined 420,725 gold pieces worth $9,789,972.50, 2,425,000 standard silver dollars and 6,202,000 five and one-cent pieces, worth $105,700.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE South African Caffre chief Secocoeni, his son and fourteen followers have been killed. The killing was done by Mampoer, the chief put into Secocoeni's place by the British.

THE corporation of Cork has passed a resolution condemning the recent sentence of Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, the Dublin newspaper publisher, and demanding that he be released. The corporation also resolved to confer upon Mr. Gray the freedom of the city.

CETEWAYO, ex-king of the Zulus, has left England for Africa.

THE steamer Lake Nepigon, from Liverpool bound to Montreal, ran aground near Arklow on the eastern coast of Ireland. The passengers and crew were landed in boats and the vessel was subsequently hauled off safely.

MORE than 200 members of the metropolitan police of Dublin, Ireland, were dismissed for attending a meeting the night before, contrary to orders. At this meeting Captain Talbot, the superintendent of police, was denounced. By evening more than 600 members of the police force had struck, and the city was without protection. Great excitement prevailed. Troops took possession of the police stations and 400 men were sworn in as special constables. The lord mayor issued a proclamation calling on all citizens to help maintain the peace, but the excitement increased and at 9:30 P. M. riotous demonstrations occurred. Infantry and cavalry paraded the city the entire night. Of the entire police force, numbering 1,176 men, 240 members were dismissed and 620 declined further duty.

HEAVY storms have seriously injured the crops in England and Scotland.

OWING to the arrival of the rainy season all heavy work on the Panama canal has been stopped.

M. DICHARD and M. Demassas, two Paris editors, fought a duel with swords, in which the latter was killed.

THE deaths from cholera at Manila, Philippine Islands, number 300 daily. At Iloilo 4,550 persons died from the same disease in a fortnight.

ON the day following their strike the Dublin policemen returned to duty. About fourteen persons, who were wounded in street fights, were in the hospital. Twelve hundred special constables were sworn in to protect the city. Many street fights occurred, and the crowds were frequently charged by the troops.

THE harvest in France will be slightly above the average.

EIGHTY persons were wounded and taken to the hospitals in Dublin during the recent police riots.

AT the conclusion of the army maneuvres at Ishora, Russia, a bridge constructed by the military across a ravine fell directly after the Emperor and Empress had passed over it. The Russian minister of war was slightly injured.

NEAR Hagstetten, Germany, an excursion train of twenty-four cars ran into a telegraph pole that had been thrown across the track by a lightning stroke and was wrecked. Nineteen coaches were smashed to pieces or shot down an embankment into a